

# The Listener

and

## B.B.C. Television Review

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*Drawing by Edward Bawden, R.A.*

### TRAVEL BOOK NUMBER

Contributions by Andrew Boyd, Anthony Curtis, R. Furneaux Jordan, Laurie Lee,  
John Morris, Douglas Parmée, Henry Reed, Goronwy Rees, Anthony Rhodes,  
Ian Rodger, Sir Steven Runciman, and Honor Tracy





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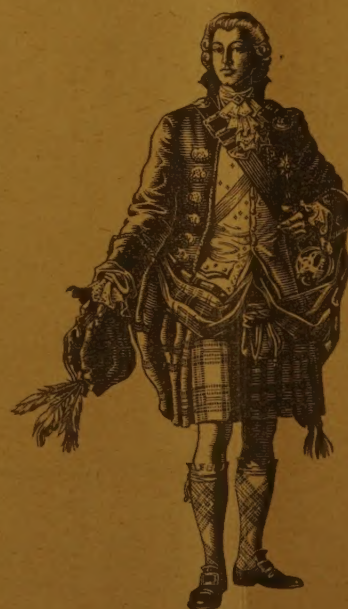
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# The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1607

Thursday January 14 1960

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## What is International Law?

R. Y. JENNINGS asks 'Is it any use?'

**T**OO many people assume, generally without giving any serious thought to its character or its history, that international law is and always has been a sham. Others seem to think that it is a force with an inherent strength of its own, and that if only we had the sense to set the lawyers to work to draft a comprehensive code for the nations we might live together in peace and all would be well with the world'. This seems a fair summary by Brierly\* of two widespread attitudes towards international law. And he goes on to say that, while it is not easy to decide which of these two groups does the more harm, they have one thing in common: a belief that 'international law is a subject on which anyone can form an opinion intuitively, by using what we sometimes miscall our common sense, and without taking the trouble to inquire first of all what the facts about it may really be'.

What are the facts about international law? First, international law is not, as the layman often supposes it to be, a sort of academic proposal; something thought up by university professors in their studies. On the contrary, it is a living, working system of legal principles, universally accepted, founded indeed in the actual practice of states and about as old as the modern state system itself. The Foreign Office of any developed country has a staff of lawyers whose sole, daily occupation is to advise upon innumerable questions of international law as they arise. In the Temple and elsewhere there are perhaps three or four sets of chambers where a considerable part of the work is in the field

of international law. Professors may well spend their time over something that exists only in their imagination or hopes: barristers and overworked civil servants emphatically not.

What sort of questions are they which thus daily occupy the legal advisers of governments? Many of them will be questions about the interpretation and application of treaties; for the major part of modern international law is treaty law. To the layman the mention of treaties may bring to mind the precarious political arrangements we have read about in the history books and a recollection that the important treaty was once called 'a scrap of paper'. For with international law, as with all law, it is the breaches of it that command popular attention: what Brierly called 'our inveterate habit of confusing the pathology of law with the law itself, and imagining that we can understand the nature of law by giving our chief attention to the occasions of its violation, instead of to its operation as an order which we normally observe in our lives'. After all, he says, even criminals observe the law far more often than they break it. And in truth, the many hundreds of treaties that the layman hardly hears about, and which are almost uniformly observed, are the very stuff of the normal, routine relations between states.

What do they deal with? Let us glance at some of the topics covered in a few of the sixty-one treaties found in the last, 1958, volume of treaties to which this country is a party. There we find treaties dealing, amongst many other topics, with questions such as these: social security, copyright and patents, peaceful

\* *The Basis of Obligation in International Law and Other Papers* by the late James Leslie Brierly (Oxford University Press, 1958, £2 10s.)



uses of atomic energy, international air services, weather stations, double taxation problems, fiscal evasions, contracts of insurance and reinsurance, death duties, fishery conservation, telecommunications, marketing and distribution of certain commodities, carriage of goods by rail and by road, and so on. These are not questions of high policy between governments; it is bread-and-butter stuff, directly affecting the kind of law that the man in the street may himself come up against. And in these questions, and hundreds like them into which international law nowadays enters, states do normally use the processes of law to settle their differences; they can and do assume as a matter of course that treaties agreed to will be kept and the generally accepted rules of international law obeyed. Indeed, if these assumptions could not safely be made, the daily business of conducting foreign relations would in every country quickly grind to a standstill.

You may say: 'This is all very well. I am willing to believe that such matters shall we say as international air services or the international postal service require legal regulation and that this business keeps a certain number of international lawyers occupied. But what does international law have to say on the really big issues of high policy and power politics? And what happens if a big Power chooses to defy it?'

### 'Reserved Domain' of the State's Discretion

Obviously, the layman is right in his suspicion that in this regard international law has not always been all that it might have been, to say the least. But the trouble is not exactly where he supposes it to be; and it is important to get our facts right. For many people, I imagine, suppose that international law has always had plenty to say about these big issues but that nobody, alas, has ever taken much notice of it, except perhaps where it happened to suit his book. But in fact the position is quite the reverse. Traditional international law had only one thing to say about all these big issues, and that was that it had nothing to say about them because they all belonged to the 'reserved domain', as it was called, of the sovereign state's own discretion. In these matters traditional international law itself spoke the language of state sovereignty *verbatim*.

So questions like immigration, economic or financial policies, tariffs, armaments, forms of government, alliances, control of raw materials, treatment of nationals and national minorities—all these and much else belonged to this 'reserved domain'—where international law entered not in except to confirm its own irrelevance. This reserved domain included the right to war itself: for war was 'no illegality', whatever its motive or purpose. The law did not question but simply accepted the right of any state to wage war for any reason and to impose its will by force upon other states. The so-called laws of war were intended merely to keep the methods and instruments of war within some sort of bounds and to keep a nice balance between the commercial interests of belligerent and neutral. Thus, as Brierly neatly put it, writing about the state of the law in 1928:

It is, however, an error to imagine that international law is not in fact regularly observed. Breaches occur of the so-called laws of war, but in time of peace any comparison between the regularity of the observance of international law and of internal law would probably be favourable to the former. This is not the view of an optimist, because the regular observance of the international law of peace is explained only too easily; it is generally observed largely because there is little temptation to violate it, because its yoke lies easily—too easily—on the states.

Such, then, was the position under what I have called the traditional law of nations; it was regularly observed by states but that was hardly surprising as it occupied a subordinate place in international relations; it was 'a convenient means of settling disputes of minor importance or of facilitating the routine of international business'. But we must now add that there have been great changes in the last few decades and especially since the close of the last war: changes which affect the whole nature and function of international law. To begin with, the content of the law has developed out of all recognition in scope, in degree of elaboration, and in sheer bulk. Indeed it has ceased to be merely a law between sovereign states. More and more it reaches down to what Dr. Jenks aptly calls the 'cross-frontier relationships' of organizations, of corporate bodies and of individuals.

Whole new departments of the law have been developed, some with astonishing rapidity, to meet new needs: for example, the law, unheard of even twenty years ago, which concerns the exploitation of the rich under-sea resources of the continental shelf. Already equipped with a considerable body of case law, international law has become recognizably 'lawyers' law', unlike the 'mere literary instrument' as Sir Henry Maine called it, of seventy years ago.

### Powerful Organizations

Moreover, the great breach in the system represented by the failure to provide a legal regime governing the use of force in international relations has been healed by the Charter of the United Nations which sets legal limits to the use of force by states. And, perhaps most important of all, in place of the completely decentralized international society of a generation ago, we find an astonishing proliferation of international organizations at state level of all kinds; many of them powerful, too, like the European Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, the International Civil Aviation Organization, the International Labour Office, the International Monetary Fund, and so on. Many of these deal with just such matters as even a short time ago were accepted as being well within the reserved domain of individual state competence. And finally, in the United Nations itself, with all its shortcomings, we have, for the first time in international relations, an international political organization which, with its eighty-two member states, is well-nigh universal: a fact of great political as well as legal significance.

This development of international organization in recent years tends to be stressed, for it was the lack of it that was the principal weakness of traditional international law. As Brierly said: 'The real difference between international law and state law in respect of enforcement lies not in any principle but in organization'. Later, he elaborated this thought: 'Law is not a kind of cement with an inherent strength of its own'. The strength of an internal system of law, he said, lay in the fact that it did not stand alone but was

Just one element in a much wider system of general social organization; because, in a word, it is a part, but not the whole, of what we call government. I do not mean to suggest by this analogy that the progress of international law must wait for the establishment of an international government; that would indeed be a counsel of despair. But I do suggest that it cannot advance much beyond its present useful but modest role unless we can find internationally what I may call a substitute for government, by which I mean the creation of institutions which will enable the manifold functions of government, with whatever adaptations are necessary—and they will certainly be far-reaching—to be performed internationally.

But today we may safely say that this requirement is being fulfilled and that international law is indeed advancing along exactly these lines forecast by Brierly in 1944. This is not to say that the forces of legal isolationism and reaction are by any means spent. The idea of the 'reserved domain' of sovereignty is still active in the form of a plea that a matter is one of 'domestic jurisdiction': a dangerous catchword, for there is indeed little that is not within the domestic jurisdiction; but it does not at all follow that it is without international jurisdiction. It is interesting to note that Brierly recognized the dangers of this notion when it first appeared in the early days of the League of Nations, when he called it 'a new fetish, about which, however, little seems to be generally known except its extreme sanctity'.

### Compulsory Jurisdiction

There is another way in which the development of international law is lagging badly; I mean the difficulty of achieving a reasonably large field of compulsory jurisdiction for the International Court of Justice at The Hague. It is not merely that compulsory jurisdiction is desirable for the disposing of disputes; though that is certainly true; but there is also the fact that a law which is only irregularly applied by courts tends to be an uncertain law. Legal rules have to be stated in general terms, but the facts to which they have to be applied are always particular and as

(concluded on page 74)



# His Majesty King Hussein of Jordan on his Life and Aims

An interview with JOHN FREEMAN in B.B.C. Television

**John Freeman:** Your Majesty, you have occupied the throne of Jordan for about seven and a half years now, and I would like to ask you, out of the experience that you have had in doing that, what you feel are the qualities or the particular quality which is most important for success as a king.

**King Hussein:** As far as I am concerned, and following this period in which I have been privileged to serve the people of Jordan, I feel that the most important thing is always to understand that I am not any better than anyone else and to try always to better myself and to try to live with the people, understand their problems, to be able to serve them.

**Freeman:** May I ask you then, what sort of king do you seek to be—that is to say, are you a constitutional monarch? I'm sure you are not a tyrant? Are you a figurehead? What kind of king are you?

**King Hussein:** Jordan is a constitutional monarchy, but I would like to feel, or I am trying to be, what you might call a head of a family. We live as one family in Jordan, and there isn't a great barrier that sometimes exists between the king and the people.

**Freeman:** You have of course travelled extensively and you know, for instance, what the relation of the monarch in this country is with the people; and constitutional monarchy here means that the monarch in person hardly ever initiates policy. But you, I think, in Jordan do initiate policy and you are really the leader of your people.

**King Hussein:** To a certain extent that is true, but I try to work in close co-operation with the officials in my country and

with the people, and try to guide them as opposed to trying to force a particular line or policy on them.

**Freeman:** Would you say that Jordan is as yet a full democracy?

**King Hussein:** Jordan is a democracy and we are very proud of that.

**Freeman:** But perhaps there is further progress still, that you would like to make before you feel satisfied that democracy is complete; or do you think you've gone as far as you can?

**King Hussein:** No, I think we are progressing all the time, and we still have a long way ahead of us. However, we are learning; and we are trying to improve ourselves and our system of government all the time.

**Freeman:** Would you feel that when democracy is complete in Jordan, then the figure of the monarch becomes a mere figurehead?

**King Hussein:** I suppose that this would be the normal course of events.

**Freeman:** That would perhaps be so at any rate in Western Europe, and I am anxious to get you to tell me whether the same consideration would apply in an Arab country: or do Arabs have some particular need for kings?

**King Hussein:** I think a king at times symbolizes the continuity and progress of a nation, and I believe that with us we have to take things step by step and it is not easy to copy a certain system of government completely and expect it to work properly. So I am sure that with time we will develop to a point where a king is a symbol of a country and everything runs by itself.

**Freeman:** But in the meantime, you really believe in the importance of your job?

**King Hussein:** I feel that it is important; I hope that it is important; and it certainly is a wonderful opportunity to work and to serve.

**Freeman:** Although comparatively young, you are quite serious in feeling yourself to be in some sense the father of your people?

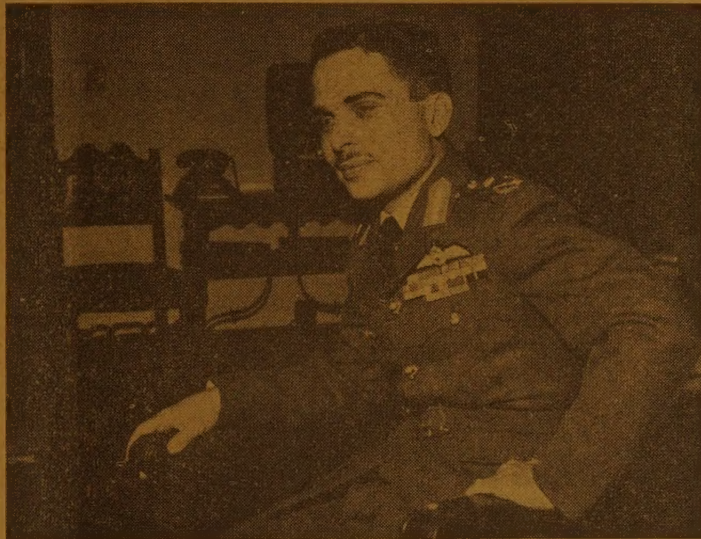
**King Hussein:** Yes, I think it's a great responsibility. I feel that. I have felt it all the time.

**Freeman:** Would this view be one which is more or less acceptable to the younger generation of, let us say, nationalist politicians in your country?

**King Hussein:** I think it is.

**Freeman:** Could I put the question perhaps a little differently? How far are the young nationalists in Jordan permeated with communism and with ideas that are anti-monarchy?

**King Hussein:** I believe there was a stage some years back where we passed through a rather difficult experience, and where I thought and felt that it was best for myself and my country to pass through a phase—or a test, let us say—through which leftist elements (or elements that when they are out of power



H.M. King Hussein of Jordan photographed before his interview on January 1 in the B.B.C. programme 'Face to Face'



King Hussein with John Freeman in the programme



claim to be able to do very much for the development of a country) could be in a position of responsibility. However, we have had things right up to a point where the whole of Jordan was nearly threatened, and then a complete change; and now we have reached a point where we are altogether a solid group of people, who are proud of our freedom. I don't think that communism exists in Jordan to any extent that would be worrying to myself or anyone else. We are really one nation, one country.

**Freeman:** In other words, you allowed what you considered the more hotheaded politicians to have the chance of seeing what responsibility and power was like, and you think the country has learned something of a lesson from that?

**King Hussein:** I think yes, that is true. We have all learnt a bit of a lesson from that.

**Freeman:** I would like to ask you some strictly personal questions. Going right back to your childhood, did you always expect to be king? Were you brought up in the idea that you were going to be king?

**King Hussein:** No, personally I was not expecting to be a king, at least not within that period of time where I did take responsibility. However, as a member of the Hashemite family we have always been privileged to be servants of our people in every way we can. I was not brought up differently from anyone in my country. I went to schools that were quite normal; I suffered with my people, I understood their difficulties and I was one of them; and I am proud of this fact which I think helped me, or is helping me, later on to be able to serve them.

**Freeman:** But did your parents and your grandparents, sir, give you any particular training in the knowledge that sooner or later, even if only when you were middle-aged, you would have to become king?

**King Hussein:** To begin with, I started my life as a normal young boy, I suppose. I went to schools in Jordan, later to Victoria College in Egypt; and the most important field in my life I feel was the last six or seven months of my grandfather's life, where I spent all that time with him, and where I think I learnt quite a bit, and grew to know what responsibility was and what might be waiting ahead.

**Freeman:** Your grandfather, King Abdulla, was then getting on in years, but you were about what age at that time?

**King Hussein:** I was about fifteen years old.

**Freeman:** How did you spend these last months with him. Were you personally attached to him?

**King Hussein:** I was very fond of him and I used to stay with him in his office practically the whole of every day, right from seven in the morning until the time when he retired, about ten-thirty at night; and I only used to go to the house for very brief periods during the days, because I really was so happy to have had a chance to spend some time with him. I really loved him in every way.

### The Family Circle

**Freeman:** So that, looking on the whole of your family circle—your father, your mother, your brothers and sisters and your grandfather and so on—your grandfather is the one you most vividly remember?

**King Hussein:** Yes, as far as my work is concerned. My mother also has been a great source of inspiration and help and encouragement to me, all through my life.

**Freeman:** Looking back at this very early life, can you remember that your mother was particularly responsible in one part of your life, let us say, and your grandfather in another? Did your mother teach you your ordinary rules of behaviour and so on, and your grandfather your public duties; or what was the division between them?

**King Hussein:** I think that would be quite correct. My mother always was a source of encouragement to me and all through life I have accepted it as a challenge, really. I have tried to better myself in every way, and I think my mother had quite a bit to do with that. My grandfather, on the other hand, gave me his love and affection and every day I spent with him was full of lessons in how to serve and how to be a leader in every way.

**Freeman:** We had the idea in this country that on the whole women in the Arab world are reserved and keep out of public

affairs, and stay always in the background. I suppose that your mother must be a very modern-minded woman by those standards?

**King Hussein:** I think the impression that some people might have, that my mother has influenced me in my work, is quite wrong. She has been always a friend and a source of encouragement to me, but whenever there were any decisions to be taken I have always tried to take them by my own self.

**Freeman:** In other words, the division that your grandfather taught you statecraft and your mother helped to build your character is the correct one. Is it true that you were actually with your grandfather on the occasion of his assassination?

### The Death of King Abdulla

**King Hussein:** Yes, I was. It was a period of difficulties, and I remember one day before that Friday in particular when the incident took place in Jerusalem. I had been up to the palace at Amman and my grandfather had said that he was going off to Jerusalem and that many people were not going with him who had various excuses, and would I like to come with him. I said immediately 'of course', and we departed the second day, Thursday, and we spent the night in Jerusalem. Friday we went to visit Nablus and on that morning my grandfather waited almost for half an hour, more than he should have, because he had given me the rank of an honorary captain and promised me to be his aide as well; I was not wearing military uniform so he asked me to wear it and I couldn't find it, so that was a source of delay that morning. Then we went off to Nablus and West Jordan and came back to prayers.

A few days earlier my grandfather had said something to the effect that he wished me to promise that I would be a servant of my people and would not let his work be lost. He had served them for thirty years in that country and he felt he might not be living very long. And I gave that promise, not knowing that, not too long from it, an incident that I'll always remember in my life was to occur, and a great loss for me. We departed to the mosque, I remember, and there were rows of soldiers and troops lined up outside it, and it seemed to upset my grandfather quite a bit, and he told them to go away because that was not a place where he liked to see people in uniforms. And they did. I was just about three paces behind him when we entered through the gate and suddenly I saw someone rush from behind a door to the right side with a revolver in his hand and before anyone could do anything he fired a shot. My grandfather was hit and fell. It was a shock. I tried to rush for the man and he turned and fired. I received a bullet that ripped a medal off my chest and then there was plenty of fire. The gunman fell as well. I was beside my grandfather and with the aid of two people who were present we carried him out, but unfortunately he had lost his life.

**Freeman:** And how old were you when that happened?

**King Hussein:** About fifteen and a half, I think.

**Freeman:** Part of your grandfather's mission was as leader of the Hashemite family—your family, who've always been one of the ruling Arab families. Now, did he see it as part of your duty to try and regain some of the lost territories of the Hashemite family, some of the ambitions that you had in the past when you ruled the holy places of Arabia?

**King Hussein:** It is not a matter of territories so much as a matter of the unity of the Arab people, regardless of who is in a position of leadership. We work for the Arab world, and have done for generations; and for example I wish that I could be a normal person in a strong, free Arab world that is united and progressive, rather than be King of a small country or a small area here and there, where I might be an obstruction towards unity itself. This is the type of thinking we have always had, I believe, in my family.

**Freeman:** What are the origins of the Hashemite family? You are descended from the Prophet?

**King Hussein:** From the Prophet, Mohammed.

**Freeman:** And—forgive me putting it like this—but this is seriously true? I mean, this is a genuine genealogical descent?

**King Hussein:** Yes. And we come from the Koreish tribes that are the oldest known in Arabia, in ages further back before the Prophet Mohammed.



**Freeman:** Grafted on to that life of immemorial tradition, you were brought up—and you haven't yet told us about this—part of the time in England. How did you first come to be sent to school in England?

**King Hussein:** It was the wish of my grandfather as well as my father that, following the period that I had spent in Egypt at Victoria College, I should come to England where I would go to Harrow, where my late cousin King Feisal of Iraq was studying, to carry on my studies; and thus I came over to England at the end of 1951.

**Freeman:** Did you enjoy your time at Harrow?

**King Hussein:** I did, very much indeed.

**Freeman:** Who was your great friend at Harrow?

**King Hussein:** I have no particular great friend. I have many friends. I have always had that, wherever I have been; but King Feisal was definitely one.

**Freeman:** He was there at the same time as you were?

**King Hussein:** Yes, he was, at the same time.

**Freeman:** But you made English friends as well?

**King Hussein:** Oh yes, yes.

**Freeman:** Sufficiently intimately, for instance, that you visited the homes of English friends in your school holidays?

**King Hussein:** Yes.

**Freeman:** And what particular subjects did you find you were good at, at school?

**King Hussein:** History and English—English language, literature.

**Freeman:** And any particular sport?

**King Hussein:** I enjoyed rugby at Harrow. I used to play soccer too. And I enjoyed fencing and cricket.

**Freeman:** And then you went to Sandhurst, but not I think immediately? You went back, did you not, to your own country first?

**King Hussein:** Yes, I was in Switzerland during my summer vacations from Harrow, when I was recalled back to Jordan and told that I had been chosen to become the next king of Jordan. And so I went there, but there were about six or seven months before the time that I had reached the age, in May 1953, and I asked to be sent to Sandhurst if possible, to have a bit of military training.

**Freeman:** This presented you with quite a problem, because then when you went to Sandhurst you were in fact a reigning monarch?

**King Hussein:** I was, yes.

**Freeman:** Did this present difficulties of protocol?

**King Hussein:** I think my name there was Officer Cadet King Hussein, and I was just an officer cadet like anyone else, and maybe treated a bit worse than the others because of this particular point that you've just made.

**Freeman:** And you called the officers 'sir'?

**King Hussein:** The officers 'sir', yes.

**Freeman:** And they called you Officer Cadet King Hussein?

**King Hussein:** Yes.

**Freeman:** Looking back on this period that you had both at Harrow and Sandhurst—what do you think you gained from your time in England? Anything permanent?

**King Hussein:** I think my stay at Harrow taught me quite a bit about the people who live in this country and this land that has always had the strongest links with us in our part of the world. Their way of thinking; their sincerity, let us say. My experiences were rather difficult to begin with. I found myself a bit lost, but I grew to admire them very much. And the time I spent at Sandhurst was the most enjoyable time I have ever had anywhere. It was a time in which I think a great change was brought into my life. It was a great challenge to me, but I have

gained quite a bit from my instruction there and the difficulties I went through—a difficult course but a very pleasant one.

**Freeman:** What, sir, was this great change which was brought about at Sandhurst?

**King Hussein:** To a certain extent I suppose, a change from a normal young person to a man in a way, let us say; or someone who understood a bit about responsibility.

**Freeman:** Let me put this to you in a slightly different way. If you have sons of your own, will you be tempted to send them to be educated in this country?

**King Hussein:** I certainly would.

**Freeman:** Rather than in Switzerland or America—or anywhere else?

**King Hussein:** No, I think I would send them here. Of course, if that ever did come about I would like to give any of my children what I did not have—a chance to get more by way of education, to give them a period of studies and a period of growing up as they should normally do; but I wouldn't like to force them to take any particular subjects; I would like to leave it to them, to see what they're best inclined towards.

**Freeman:** So far—am I right?—you have one daughter and no sons, and presumably, like any other king, you must be anxious to secure the succession and you look forward one day to having sons?

**King Hussein:** I don't have any thoughts in that direction at the moment. You know, my brother is the Crown Prince in Jordan, but I wouldn't like to say what the future would bring.

**Freeman:** Are you thinking at all—leaving your strictly personal emotions out of it—are you thinking at all with a sense of duty that you should seek a wife now?

**King Hussein:** I am not thinking of that at all at the moment. All I am thinking of is that I myself ought to do my very best, and give all my time and efforts to serve my people.

**Freeman:** You have, of course, been married and you divorced your wife. In this country, for royalty to do that would be on the whole unacceptable to the people. We have different traditions from yours. But may I just ask you: in the social conditions of Jordan was this regarded as at all an unusual thing to do, or was this entirely acceptable to the majority of your people?

**King Hussein:** For me it was a very sad thing to have happened in my life, and I don't know what I would say as far as the people were concerned. But it was a decision that had to be taken, and I suppose it was accepted after a while, for the better.

**Freeman:** May I ask you, sir—you became king, your grandfather had been assassinated, your father was king for a very short time before ill-health compelled him to abdicate: I would like to think of you in the setting of your royal palace at Amman, and to ask you what changes of, say, protocol and ceremonial and all the general life of royalty you instituted when you became king?

**King Hussein:** I have attempted, and have achieved I believe, to remove many of the barriers that exist between the king and the people. I live with them. I spend most of my time with them, as one of them. I move freely about in the country, I spend quite a portion of my time studying their conditions, learning of their needs. A normal day in my life would be to begin my work around eight or just past eight, by either going to my office or going to some section or part of the government to see how work is being done without that being announced; and in my work at the office I meet anyone who likes to come and see me, no matter what walk of life he is in, to see what I can do to help him. I stay in my office until two, or sometimes until four or five or



A sketch of King Hussein by Feliks Topolski used during the television programme



six; then if I have any free time in the afternoon I either go flying with other pilots in the Royal Jordanian Air Force or go to visit some units, or go to a match of some nature somewhere, and spend most of the other time with my family. I spend in Jordan quite a bit of time in schools, and with our students that are a great hope for us for a better future, as well as with the armed forces; and other than that I live at a small house, a farm house, outside the capital, where I have to travel to Amman every day to work.

**Freeman:** You presumably have a bodyguard with you most of the time?

**King Hussein:** At times I have, or during some of the difficult times I was forced to have by others, I think.

**Freeman:** Do you manage to get away from it and go out by yourself—do you do that quite a lot?

**King Hussein:** Oh yes, I often travel alone.

**Freeman:** Are you recognized wherever you go?

**King Hussein:** Most of the time; although sometimes some amusing incidents occur, I think. Last year we had heavy snow in Jordan, and I took a jeep alone where I was going, to the Jordan Valley. I went out, muffled up, and I had a head-dress; and suddenly I came to a place where there were on the road many cars that were stuck. I got out and tried to do something about it, but couldn't; so I stopped myself and started putting chains on the tyres. A soldier came and said 'Do you think that this works?' I said 'There is a strong chance that it might'. So he said 'All right, I'll help you on one condition; that if you can get through you will kindly give me a lift. My village is further on'. So we worked, and he was instructing me every now and then to do something or another, and asking whether I knew how to drive this car very well, because if I didn't, he did; and we worked

quite happily. Then he got in and we moved on. We collected several others, and we were talking about all sorts of things. They were happy because of the snow and rain, and how good that was, being basically farmers; and near the end of our journey they recognized me, and we kissed each other in the car and there was a big noise all over, and we continued, all of us helping the other cars that were stuck further on, until we reached an area where the snow had ceased. This type of thing happens quite often in my life and it gives me great pleasure and happiness.

**Freeman:** In spite of the fate that befell your grandfather and your cousin, and the fate which sometimes befalls kings nowadays, I sense that you really do regard yourself as being on friendly terms with your people?

**King Hussein:** I do. I don't regard myself except as a servant to my people. . . .

**Freeman:** Have you ever dared to permit yourself the thought: do you honestly expect that you'll die in your bed?

**King Hussein:** I don't care which way I die. I feel that I have a responsibility and there are two things that are very important to me in life: one is to be able to live with myself, and the other the belief that if I do right, if I try my best, God will always be with me.

**Freeman:** One last question: looking back on the years that you have been king, what do you think is the single item of wisdom you have learned, what was the illusion you had when you became king that seven and a half years later you have lost?

**King Hussein:** I haven't lost very much, except that I have always felt, and I still will, I think, that I should always try my best. I should never think that I am better than anyone in my country, or anyone anywhere, and always try to improve in every way.—'Face to Face'

## The Resumed Negotiations on Nuclear Tests

By the Rt. Hon. ANTHONY NUTTING, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, 1954-56

HE WOULD BE a bold man who would offer any forecast on the outcome of the resumed negotiations between Britain, America, and Russia on the suspension of nuclear tests, but *if* all three Powers show the same readiness to compromise that they have shown in last year's talks on this question, an agreement is certainly possible and possibly certain. That is, of course, a big 'if'. But on their performance last year the Russians do seem to want an agreement to stop further tests. Maybe this is because they want to close the nuclear club to new members before other countries, such as China, get hold of these terrible secrets, or because they are hankering after a standstill agreement which would confirm their existing spheres of influence and establish a kind of supreme directorate of the nuclear Powers.

But, whatever the reason, they have made some substantial concessions to get agreement. True, it was Britain and America who made the first major concession when they stopped insisting on a stoppage of nuclear tests being dependent on progress in other disarmament spheres. But once they had got this established, the Russians conceded several important points to the West; so that as things stand today seventeen out of twenty-three articles of the draft treaty have been agreed.

For instance, they agreed to write the provisions for control into the treaty, which they had previously insisted must be separate. They accepted a clause which would entitle any party to the agreement to repudiate it, if the control machinery was not operating effectively. They agreed to allow twenty control posts in Soviet territory each manned by thirty inspectors. Although at first they insisted on only one inspector being a non-Russian, they have since accepted a figure as high as twenty foreigners, half from Nato countries and half neutrals, provided the West accepts that the commission which is to operate the agreement consists of three Communist and three Western representatives with one neutral.

Why then, some people may ask, has a treaty not been signed already? Why, too, have the Americans insisted on reopening

questions already agreed, such as the problem of underground tests? And why have they just repudiated the unwritten agreement not to stage any more nuclear tests? It is no secret that some American service chiefs are opposed to any agreement to stop tests, because they fear being led up a blind alley and then tricked by a lot of deceitful Communists. Another reason is that they want to complete the testing of some new tactical atomic weapons—though it is a moot point whether, with America so far ahead in this field today, Russia would not stand to gain more, militarily, from a resumption of tests. On the other hand, President Eisenhower and the State Department undoubtedly want an agreement; but with such strong pressures from the military, they hesitate to commit themselves to the package Russia is offering unless they can be absolutely sure the agreement will be proof against cheating.

This is why the problem of underground tests bulks so large. Except for the Russians, it is admitted that no inspection can be 100 per cent. certain to detect them; but the British view is that the risk of being found out and so wrecking the whole agreement would be enough to deter cheating.

It is impossible to say which argument will prevail in Washington, the more so since this is election year. But before we criticize our American friends for dragging their feet, it is well to remember that they carry the main responsibility for their defence and for ours. We could disarm down to the police force and we would still be relatively secure in the shelter of America's H-bomb stockpile. But for America to allow Russia even the smallest margin of strength could fatally undermine the defence of all the free world.

This means that once again Britain has a critical diplomatic role in the negotiations. Much of the success in narrowing the gaps last year was due to the British delegation and in particular my old friend and successor as Minister of State, David Ormsby-Gore. Let us hope that this time he will pull off what would be the best possible augury for the later summit meeting.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



# There is No German 'Economic Miracle'

By HUGO BUSCHMANN

I WOULD like to know who coined the phrase *Das Deutsche Wirtschaftswunder*—the German economic miracle—and I only hope that it was not a German. Something wholly natural should not be invested with a halo. The slogan has had an unfortunate effect on German business men; their self-confidence, already exaggerated by money-making, has been further inflated by the fact that they have been earning far more money than most other people.

In 1949 all we had to do was to recognize that as a result of Stalin's policy our country and economy would have to be linked as closely as possible with the West; financial assistance, foreign currency, raw materials and free enterprise followed as a matter of course. We had tremendous arrears to make up in industry, housing, and agriculture. We had only to produce our long-term plan for production and investments. Our technical and commercial organization could afford to be bad during the period of forced growth; the final result was assured. All a real business man had to do was to solve the details as they arose.

## Effects of Currency Reform

It all started with the currency reform in 1948. A fortnight beforehand, Mr. Humphrey, General Clay's economic adviser, asked me what the immediate effect of the reform would be. I replied that stores and shop windows would display goods of every kind, and in such large quantities that the purchasing power of the public would not be sufficient to absorb them all. And that is precisely what happened. The main thing was that the people knew enormous stocks were being decontrolled. These were enough for a beginning. The 1948 currency reform released the dammed-up energy of German business men in all sectors of the economy. Moreover German industry during the third Reich had not been half as happy as people often think today.

In 1933 the measures introduced to produce full employment were hailed with wild enthusiasm. But what emerged was a strictly regimented economy. Disappointment set in and many business men became dissatisfied. Their main complaint against the Third Reich was that it curtailed their economic liberty and put them under the control of the Nazi Party and the so-called labour front.

The control exercised by the occupying powers after the war was far less efficient. The British tried their hand at planned economy, while at the same time dismantling German plants. They soon had the whole population of the British zone against them, with the result that they got exactly nowhere. On the other hand, the Americans failed to appreciate that at a time when all goods had disappeared from the market, and matters were being made steadily worse by the depreciation of currency, it was impossible to avoid a certain degree of compulsion. Nevertheless, once they saw that the continuous increase in East-West tension left them no choice but to revive German economy they did realize that it would not be set in motion again without giving the German business man a free hand. So they stopped de-nazification trials against business men, and most industrialists who had made vast fortunes in the Third Reich got away with silly little fines. From then on de-nazification hit only civil servants, and many of them lost their jobs; this happened even to school caretakers and municipal dustmen.

When the Americans worked out the basic principles of the currency reform, the German advisory bodies then existing offered them the services of Dr. Ludwig Erhard, who is today our Minister of Economic Affairs. He was the right man for the job. Under the slogan of a social market economy, Dr. Erhard actually succeeded in introducing a competitive economy. But this not only granted the German business man every possible liberty: it also put him on his mettle competitively. It was this simple formula that led to high production. And because it also checked the cartels, the prices of industrial products, particularly

industrial consumer goods, have been virtually stabilized.

The talk about a German economic miracle made German business men rather full of themselves. But it is only fair to add that the German worker also feels he has helped to bring this miracle about. Certainly when our economy revived after the currency reform, the labour unions put up with low wages over a period of several years. By doing this they put the economy in their debt, and that should never be forgotten. Even later, when the unions claimed a bigger share in the increasing national output, they still kept things within reasonable bounds. Only twice did wage increases cause us any anxiety; but neither of these was started by the unions. The first was due to the rising price of coal; and a more recent one was caused by the rise in food prices. As a result we are entering 1960 faced with a situation which could become dangerous. Neither the coal industry nor agriculture are of course part of our free economy, but are protected and regulated for special reasons.

The present state of our market economy satisfies the majority of German business men and workers, who do not want another economic system. Certain industrial groups may press for monopolies; the unions may complain—especially when food gets dearer—that the distribution of the national output is not yet evenly adjusted. But, all in all, the class war over the economic system is a thing of the past in West Germany. We have only to come to terms about the share in the industrial benefit—which often, admittedly, is something of a struggle in itself.

What is equally clear is that the East German worker is in despair over the inefficiency of the Communist economy which he has to endure. The worker in East Germany has the feeling he is paying out of his own pocket for the apprenticeship in economic matters which the leaders he did not ask for are still going through. The worst aspect of this is that the East German Communists will not learn anything from anybody, except the Russians. And the Russians themselves did not know anything about the European economy when they moved in in 1945. Even today they do not understand what makes our wheels go round.

From this fact we can draw far-reaching conclusions. In Lenin's day it was still possible for Communists to believe that they would automatically take over capitalism. The position today is that in countries familiar with economic liberalism the Communists can keep themselves in power only by sheer force. It is only to people ruled by feudal or colonial systems that communism has anything to offer; and even then the measures applied seem by our standards to be excessively hard: some people might even call them cruel.

## Dr. Erhard's Problem

What the Western world has so far failed to do is to find a way of transforming feudalism into liberalism without going through an intermediate stage. After all, even Europe was not able to go straight from feudalism to liberalism. Europe, too, had to pass through a state economy which has gone down in economic history under the name of mercantilism. Dr. Erhard will have to face a different problem from the one he solved in Germany when he goes ahead—as he is willing to do—with aid to underdeveloped countries. A liberal economy is unthinkable without a wide layer of large and small business men competing all along the line. It is their competition which makes market prices adjust themselves to the purchasing power of the people.

I may have given the impression that I think everything in the German garden is lovely: that is far from being the case. We have a workable economy, but what we do not have is a politically conscious society. If we are so self-satisfied about our economic achievements that we overlook this deficiency, we shall not only have a rude awakening one day, we shall also disappoint all those who count on us as a political force.

—From a talk in the Third Programme



# The Listener

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## Travel Guidance

ONE of the ironies of January in Britain is that just when winter begins a first serious attempt to freeze her inhabitants they should turn to planning their summer holidays. The reasons are not so much psychological as practical. Today, those who neglect to book sleeping accommodation or make travel arrangements half a year in advance may later find it impossible to do either. The competitive element in modern life is too strong. The present-day traveller, instead of concentrating his mind so exclusively on the beauty of what he wants to see, must 'get down to brass tacks'. Without some detailed administration in January, neither he nor his family can hope to arrive in June—let alone August. In the eighteenth century, all who set out on one of Mr. McKendrick's Grand Tours may have had dangers to face and delays or physical difficulties to endure that do not belong to the modern world; but a traveller in 1960 must face an increasing number of mental hazards in order to survive. In Britain there is the traffic bottle-neck and the over-crowded beach to avoid. In Europe there are the complexities of stamping passports and juggling currency and the same traffic jams and crowded beaches. Beyond Europe there are the uncertainties of air-travel, visa changes, and the risk of some crisis of politics or climate.

Still the idea of travelling somewhere for a holiday continues to cast its annual spell. In THE LISTENER this week many new books about travel are reviewed. Most were written to attract attention—and therefore presumably more travellers—to some neglected aspect of a particular country. Several new guide-books have appeared and Mr. Furneaux Jordan makes a healthy plea that all guides should be of practical value. This is a demand that was eloquently made in the early part of the last century by the radical politician John Cam Hobhouse, when exasperated by J. C. Eustace's *Classical tour through Italy*, a favourite guide of the time. 'Mr. Eustace', declared Hobhouse, 'appears never to have seen anything as it is . . . If any one writes a book of travels without telling the truth about the masters and the subjects in this most unfortunate country, he deserves more than damnation and a dull sale'.

However well aimed the strictures of Mr. Furneaux Jordan are, it must be admitted that much valuable work has been done since the war in bringing up to date the information contained in many volumes of the Baedeker, Muirhead, or *Guide Bleu* series, the principal aids to European travel. Professor Pevsner's *The Buildings of England* has established itself as a classic at home; while in Italy the *Touring Club Italiano* guides have become a series that other countries may well envy. If the traveller of today does do his homework and does take an efficient guide-book with him, he should have every chance of an enjoyable holiday. Undoubtedly, there are many things that cannot be prepared for in advance and for which a guide-book is no help. In Alsace, one can choose a perfect hotel and navigate successfully to it from the railway station with the help of the guide, and yet fail to secure a comfortable night's sleep through misunderstanding the purpose of the heavy cushion on the bed. In Venice, one can penetrate a church before it closes and identify an altar-piece correctly, but fail to see anything of it clearly because the sunlight has moved to an opposite corner of the chapel. These are lessons that only experience can teach. But learning them is surely one of the joys of travelling.

## What They Are Saying

### The Past in Germany and the African Future

THE WAVE of swastika-daubing and anti-semitism in German and other European cities has been extensively commented on by Soviet and other Communist radio-stations. They have largely concentrated on the incidents in Western Germany, and drawn the moral that the primary responsibility rests with the authorities there. Moscow radio in English for North America said that no one doubted that the British and American authorities would 'punish the hoodlums if they are caught'. But in Western Germany 'the entire government apparatus' was 'infected'. The Russian commentator continued:

Of course, no one will say that the West German authorities have organized the anti-semitic flare-up, but it is clear that they encouraged it and are systematically breathing the spirit of militarism and chauvinism. Sad as it may be, the truth is that the Government of the Federal Republic is now indoctrinating the country in the same spirit as the infamous Hitler in his time.

A transmission from East Germany went further than the Russian broadcast quoted above and alleged direct responsibility on the part of some West German authorities for the anti-semitic outbursts. Quoting the newspaper *Neues Deutschland* the broadcast said that a report originating from the Hesse Ministry of the Interior had pointed to Dr. Eberhardt Taubert, head of the Office for Psychological Warfare, as 'an instigator of the fascist excesses'.

The Office for Psychological Warfare is a centre which gives guidance to all militarist and revanchist organizations. Taubert had the liaison officers with these organizations pass on instructions for starting the fascist excesses. According to the report, Taubert said in a letter that it was now time to 'heat up the atmosphere'.

There has been a good deal of comment on Mr. Macmillan's tour of Africa by broadcasting stations of various countries. A commentator on the Polish home service said that the British Prime Minister would endeavour to reconcile two things, 'which are, as is known, absolutely irreconcilable', namely the African people's striving for independence and the problem of upholding Britain's colonial interests. The broadcaster went on:

According to some observers, Macmillan would like, with Prime Minister Nkrumah as intermediary, to exert some influence in the direction of moderation on African leaders. Macmillan may be taking a plan for transforming the Central African Federation into the United States of Central Africa, according to which it would be possible to create in Nyasaland and in Northern Rhodesia governments with African majorities, and in Southern Rhodesia a government with a European majority.

The 'Voice of Free Africa' in Swahili said that perhaps, during his visit to South Africa, the British Prime Minister would be able to advise 'the Government of the South African imperialists' that 'there is no such thing as racial purity and that their policy of *apartheid* is a gross mistake being committed against the whole of humanity'. The same broadcast discussed what it called 'the dirtiest job in the world'. The commentator said:

There is an Afrikaner in Capetown whose job it is to collect groups of people and take them to his office to inspect their type of hair, the colour of their skin, the shape of their noses, and ask them questions about themselves, the schools they went to, and their family history. Afterwards he decides whether a person is to be registered as white or non-white.

The broadcaster then described a number of personal and family tragedies which he said had been caused by these attempts at racial segregation. In one of the cases described, a widow in Capetown had remarried, 'there was an inspection by the bloodhounds which revealed that the first husband was thought to have had a drop of black blood'. As a result, the father of the family ceased to love the children of his wife. One of them, between eighteen and twenty years old, left home and his whereabouts are not known. 'Following this investigation the lady became very ill and she is now at death's door'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service  
DERRICK SINGTON



# Did You Hear That?

## A TRIBUTE TO ALBERT CAMUS

'THE TRAGIC DEATH of Albert Camus is a terrible blow for French literature', said ANTHONY HARTLEY in the B.B.C.'s French Service. 'And all those in other countries who have admired the limpid, upright mind which is reflected in all his work will feel the loss as though it were their own.'

'I remember meeting the name of Camus in the first French literary reviews that arrived in England after the war. I was a young student then, and his name symbolized for me a whole undiscovered country, a whole new literature to be studied. Since then I have read Camus a great deal, feeling that his preoccupations were my preoccupations—those, indeed, of everyone in Western Europe, belonging as we do to a proud, humanistic civilization in decline.'

'What were the main themes of Camus's work? First of all, everything pertaining to the "human condition". The isolation of human beings, cut off from their fellow men, faced with the ominous idea of death which may come at any moment. In *L'Etranger* Camus drew the portrait of a human being pushed into acceptance of an "absurd" world: the impossibility of being understood by other people; the impossibility of really knowing oneself. Nothing is left but the deliberate act, which is the limit of what man can do to affirm his existence. He affirms it for his own benefit—nobody else cares.'

'This is the terrible picture of twentieth-century nihilism. "I am, therefore I am" replaces the "*cogito ergo sum*" of Descartes, and Camus leaves no escape to heaven for man. Yet in *La Peste* he offers a more positive way. The doctor who is the hero—not a very heroic hero—says that he has no desire to save men. He only wishes to heal them. That was Camus's point of view—a kind of minimum of salvation in a world where one lives without much hope but with a certain amount of goodwill.'

'From a literary point of view, Camus seems, to a foreigner,

to stand clearly in the great tradition of French literature. He was a French moralist, with all the psychological penetration and the uprightness of spirit which that phrase implies. His last novel—or rather story—*La Chute*, is without doubt a masterpiece. As a writer, as a European, as a man of goodwill, Camus deserved his Nobel prize; and as I try to think of an epitaph for him, there is a phrase by another French writer which comes to mind: Albert Camus made us believe in "*L'honneur d'être homme*".



Albert Camus: a photograph by Karsh

## THE LANCE

'It was in 1927 that, after a history of some 2,000 years, the lance was abolished as an instrument of war in the British Army, although it is still used for ceremonial purposes', said JOCELYN KELSEY in 'Today' (Home Service). 'For one thing, the lance was less effective than the sword in a *melée*, and also it got in the way when getting off a horse.'

'This is not the first time it has been out of favour with the British Army, though in the Middle Ages it was an accepted part of our armed forces. A proclamation of Henry II in 1181 stated that "All burgesses and the whole body of freemen shall have a lance"; and in a manual of military practice published in 1587 it was laid down that the

"Shoot-on-horseback, or Carbines, may skirmish loosely, and delivering their volley must retire to the lance for their safety". Some time after this the lance seems to have fallen out of favour although Cromwell's troops were badly cut by the Scottish lancers at Dunbar in 1650.

'The lance in its modern form dates from Napoleon's use of Polish lancers in his army in 1807. Lances were used with much success against the English at Waterloo and the following year they were introduced into the British Army. Originally they were made of ash, but later of the male bamboo. Unfortunately, however, the Indian contractors who supplied them were inclined to camouflage the worm holes and other flaws and this made it necessary to test virtually every lance. These difficulties were ironed out and the lance continued in active use after this. It was used only a few times during the first world war, and then, after long and honourable service, in 1927 it was taken off the active list as an instrument of war. But who knows what the future will bring? This is not the first time the lance has fallen out of popularity, and, with a nuclear stalemate in warfare, it may well come into its own again'.

## SCHOOL JOURNEY

Many adults who are interested in natural history, sooner or later get roped in either to lecture to young naturalists or to take them on field expeditions. This may be a 'chore' but it is also an opportunity to spark off something in a child's imagination that may develop into a real interest in natural history. Each year DEREK WATERS, master of a London school, organizes a fortnight's school journey for London children. He spoke recently of his aims and experience in 'Naturalists' Notebook' from the West of England.

'I regard the fortnight', he said, 'as a splen-



Two officers and a private of the 19th Lancers: an aquatint by Henry Alken

By courtesy of the Parker Gallery



did opportunity for children to see and do things for themselves instead of gaining impressions and knowledge by proxy. We start arousing their interest in the journey before they go, by showing films, pictures, specimens, maps and models of the things they will see. For instance, this year we took forty-nine London children, aged ten to eleven years, to Dorset.

'We walked across the four chief soil types of the Isle of Purbeck. We had the range of limestone hill and chalk downs, contrasting with the clay vale between them and the infertile plain of Bagshot sands to the north. On each of these walks the children carried a sketch plan—an attempt at a three-dimensional representation of their route—showing the simple geological formation and geographical features. By the end of the fortnight every child could say whether he was standing on clay, limestone, sand, or chalk. Rock and soil specimens were gathered, placed in plastic containers and labelled, and these were used in making a geological model which some of them produced later on when they got home.

'The children were interested in botany, but typical rather than rare plants were picked in various habitats, and they were mounted on strips of paper on which were drawn a complete cross-section of the Isle of Purbeck.

'One most successful afternoon was spent when the party split into groups, each group "map-reading" its way round courses of similar length and competing to see who reached the joint meeting place first. Such was their enthusiasm that everybody wanted to go round all over again.

'The sea is a tremendous attraction, and nearly every day we spent some time on the beach playing games, hunting for shells, exploring rock pools, and so on. One of the things it is difficult for children to appreciate is the idea of a long passage of time. For instance, if you want to explain the erosive power of wind and rain and how various rock strata lie under their feet, much the best way is to show them a bit of coastline where the mighty power of the sea is obviously eating into the land, and with any

luck you can also show them layers of rock as clearly as if they had been cut by a knife.

'We try to show a fairly complete picture of one small area including the use of local stone in building construction, and the way local craftsmen work. I think the sooner children understand that one thing grows out of another and that there is a pattern of relationships all round them, the better chance they will have of leading reasonably full lives'.



Exploring the sea shore

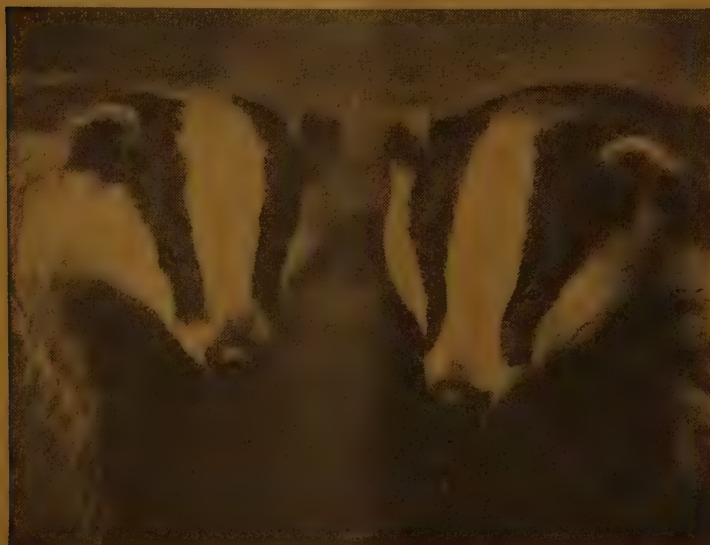
### A BADGER'S TERRITORY

'I would like to find out more about the territorial behaviour of badgers, of which little is known', said ERNEST NEAL in a later edition of 'Naturalists' Notebook' (Home Service). 'As I see it, badgers have little territorial behaviour for most of the year, but during the breeding season the sow may defend her breeding chamber.

'One night, when I was filming badgers, I saw a sow badger come to the entrance of a sett where there was a resident sow with cubs down below. The sow put her head down as if to go in, started back, and immediately out popped the owner. There was a terrific fight, and after two or three minutes the intruder turned tail and went for her life, followed by the other badger. We could hear them for hundreds of yards in the Camberley woods. We do not know that that indicated "territory": it might have been just two bad-tempered badgers. The problem to me is how are we going to find out whether such behaviour is really territorial.

'During March I took a stuffed badger and put it down outside a badger sett, about seven or eight feet away. I knew that in that sett there was a boar and a sow and some tiny cubs. It was very amusing to watch what happened. The boar came out first, in a fairly good light, looked straight at the stuffed badger, and reacted by disappearing at once, backwards. Then out he came again, and this time he made weird noises, like a cat starting to catawaul. He slowly approached the stuffed animal with his head down, and I thought he was going to leap at it and tear it to bits. But after getting within a few feet of it he turned tail and disappeared down the hole. About ten minutes later, to my surprise, he came out backwards, and kept his bottom towards the stuffed badger, looking round over his shoulder to see what was going to happen; then he turned round and fled. Out came the sow, and she did almost the same thing, except that she did not make any noise. She saw the stuffed badger and went very slowly towards it, then went back again, then forwards, then backwards. She kept this up for twenty minutes. I imagine she was waiting for the stuffed badger to react in some way, and this might have set up some reaction that would have led to territorial defence.

'I tried the same experiment again in September. There were a boar, a sow, and some nearly grown-up cubs. I put the stuffed badger down and watched. Out came those badgers; they took not the slightest notice of the stuffed one and went straight off. This was when the young were grown up, and to my mind it was probably because at that time of the year territory does not mean anything at all. But I would like to continue those experiments, and put them on to a much more scientific basis. I thought I might try with masks, instead of having a stuffed badger, to see if there is a recognition of the black-and-white face. I might even experiment with the scent of a badger on the stuffed one. I would also like to get a good recording of the badger's terrifying yell, and then play it back to the boar and the sow at different seasons to find out its significance'.



A pair of badgers

E. J. Hosking



# The Comet Line

By SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

**E**IGHTEEN years ago a group of ten people left Brussels in a train. All were escaping from German-occupied Europe. Right through France they went, from Brussels, 600 miles to Spain. Then they were smuggled into Gibraltar and finally back to Britain. That was the extent of the 'Comet' route, the most famous underground escape route in the whole war. And the astonishing thing is that the organizer and leader of this most dangerous operation was a woman, at that time a young, attractive twenty-three-year-old Belgian girl, Andrée De Jongh. Thanks to her and her gallant Belgian and French assistants, hundreds of Allied servicemen, mostly airmen, were saved from the Germans.

In 1939 Mademoiselle De Jongh, known to everyone as 'Dédée' for short, was an art student, helping her mother in the house in her spare time; but when the war started she soon got caught up in some very different activities. Her first experience of underground work was when, with a middle-aged Belgian called De Pe, she went round feeding and clothing some of our servicemen who were hiding near Brussels. They were pilots who had baled out or soldiers who for some reason or other had got cut off from their unit during the withdrawal to Dunkirk. One day they said to each other: 'Wouldn't it be better if we were somehow to organize an escape route so that these men could get back to Britain into the war again?', and that was how the whole idea started.

The difficulties were enormous. If our men in both Belgium and France were to get back to England they would have to get through a neutral country; and the nearest neutral country was Spain, 600 miles away, right across France and guarded by the Pyrenees, 8,000 or 10,000 feet high. Moreover, everybody's hand would be against them: German troops, the Gestapo, the Belgian police, the French police. But despite the difficulties they determined to have a try.

The first party they took consisted entirely of Belgians who were wanted by the Gestapo. They got them down to the frontier successfully and handed them over to a guide to be taken over the mountains. Then they, that is De Pe and Dédée, went back to Brussels to organize a second party. But shortly afterwards they heard that every single member of that first party had been captured by the Spanish Frontier police and put into a concentration camp. So Dédée decided that she would go with the second party herself right into Spain. This second party is of particular interest to us, because it contained the first Britisher—a Gordon Highlander, called Jim Cromar. He was with two Belgians, and Dédée. She got them down to the frontier successfully and found the guide, who was a smuggler called Thomas. The guides were nearly always smugglers because they were the only people who knew the secret routes over the mountains, how to avoid the customs, and so on. Thomas refused to take her. He said: 'A slip of a girl like you can't climb those mountains'. Dédée said: 'Try me'. So together they climbed for an entire day and he had to admit that she was a lot tougher than she looked.

Next night they started—Thomas, Dédée, the Gordon

Highlander, and the two Belgians. It was a bad night, pouring with rain and very dark, and for twelve long hours they struggled upwards. All the little paths they were using were slippery, they kept stumbling and falling down. By daylight they were completely exhausted. To make matters worse, Thomas then admitted that he had lost the way. So, feeling pretty miserable, they climbed into a broken-down building, because they could not move about in that frontier zone at all by day, otherwise they would have been picked up at once. As soon as it was dark they continued, downhill this time, on the Spanish side—almost as difficult as going up.

Then Thomas recognized a small village and he took them to hide in a farm of a friend of his. When I say farm, actually it was a black hole in the wall, and when they entered they were greeted with swarms and swarms of eager and very hungry fleas. Dédée now once more did the unusual thing. She left the men and went on by herself to the nearest big town, Bilbao, to see the British Consul. She needed help for the final stage of the journey of *les enfants*, as she called her men. They had to be got back to England. It did not occur to her that the British Consul would be astonished to find himself with a young Belgian

girl who claimed to have brought three men 600 miles all the way from Brussels in order to fight for the Allies. He was not only surprised but, to start with, extremely suspicious, as he had every right to be. But such was the transparent honesty and enthusiasm of this girl, that eventually he was convinced, and he took the three men off her hands and got them back to England. But what was far more important, he gave her funds to enable her to bring more men over the mountains. He said to her: 'Please bring airmen; trained airmen are badly needed in the United Kingdom'. And that's how the idea of the Comet Line was born.

Within an hour of the Consul taking that decision, Dédée and Thomas were back over those mountains again into occupied Europe to get the organization going. Because at this time there was nothing, only about four people: she had to build it all up. There were, of course, resistance movements cropping up all over the place and she did not want for willing helpers. Nevertheless it took time. I am not going to describe to you the way she did this. I just want to show how it worked. Our men were starting to be hidden all over the place; in schools, monasteries, isolated farmhouses, and the first thing to do was to find them. So

Dédée and Thomas divided the country into zones and put one Comet worker in charge of each. The men had to be most carefully interrogated to make certain they really were servicemen, because nothing would have been easier for the Gestapo than to insert a spy into the Line and find out how it all worked.

Once the men had been accepted by the Comet organization, however, they were brought to one of the big towns, such as Brussels or Antwerp. They were moved round constantly from address to address, never long anywhere, and often they did not know the names of the people who were sheltering them. It was better so, in case they were captured. They were fitted out with civilian clothing



COMETE  
"PUGNA QUIN PERCUTIAS"



Mademoiselle Andrée De Jongh, G.M. (Dédée), organizer and leader of the Comet Line



and given papers with forged German stamps, all made by the Comet experts. They had to have identity cards and these had to have a special photograph. One of our men remembers how frightened he was when he was taken down by a Belgian girl to a store in Brussels to have his photograph taken, and found himself standing in a queue with a German soldier in front and behind. It was all a very dangerous business—one slip and it was all over. As soon as the members of a party were ready they were collected by a guide from Brussels, either a man or a girl—often a girl—and they went off by train to the frontier between Belgium and France. As a rule, but not always, they changed guides at the frontier and often it was Dédée who took on from there, and took them to Paris.

At Paris they had to change stations and sometimes they were there for two or three days, in which case they were sheltered by the French members of the organization: because although this started in Belgium, it was very much a combined Belgian-French effort. Then on again by train for the long journey down to the frontier. But they could not go into the frontier zone in the train—it was far too dangerous: so the last fifteen miles were done on foot by side-roads, and they then came to a tiny little place called Anglet, where they went to the house of a certain Madame de Greef. She was a Belgian, an evacuee from Brussels who had been contacted by De Pe earlier on. She was a most remarkable woman, known to everybody in the Comet organization as Tante Go, 'Aunt Go', and she it was who produced the most famous guide of all—Florentino, a Basque smuggler who led all the subsequent parties over the mountains. So, with Florentino guiding them over the mountains, they came to Bilbao, were handed over at Bilbao to the British authorities, smuggled out to Gibraltar, then flown back to the United Kingdom. That was the extent of the Comet Line.

It was more and more required, because as we stepped up our air offensive more and more young pilots were baling out all over Europe. The Line started from almost nothing, but at the peak period there were no fewer than 1,500 members of the Comet organization: 1,500 gallant young Belgian and French patriots who refused to accept the fact that their governments had capitulated and were going on with the war in their own way—underground—a much more dangerous method than the more orthodox battles which I fought. And they knew that well: before Dédée would accept anybody into the Line she used to say 'Your chances of coming through alive are one in ten'. Yet in spite of all these dangers, there was a Gallic gaiety about them all which I find very appealing.

I wish that I could mention them all, but here are a few names: Andrée Dumont, known as Nadine, who was only nineteen, but acted as a guide from Brussels to Paris. Jean Ingels, called 'Jean de Gand', a lawyer who brought hidden men from Ghent to Brussels. He was shot by the Germans. Victor Michiels, also a lawyer. He had just left university, and was a guide from Brussels to Paris. He too was shot by the Germans. Emile Delbruyère and his wife, one of the many farmers who sheltered airmen in the country areas. He too was shot. Robert Ayle, a French business man, already in the French resistance movement.

He also was shot. On the Comet symbol, which they adopted, were these words: 'Struggle in spite of persecution'.

I always think of these people as being amateurs as opposed to professionals in the shape of the Gestapo, because they were past masters at uncovering this sort of underground organization, getting spies in, extorting, extracting confessions by means of torture, and so on. And that was why so many of them perished. But the people I am more sorry for than anybody, and in fact have great admiration for, are their relations. Think what it must have been like to be the father and mother of a girl who was a member of the Comet Line, knowing what she risked. Of course Dédée's chief assistant was actually her father.

Dédée herself came from a perfectly ordinary middle-class Belgian background. Her mother was a tower of strength in the family. Once she was arrested herself, but was released. Her worst sufferings were when at one time her entire family, her husband

and two daughters, were all in German hands, and she had no idea where they were, or even whether they were alive. But she never wavered in her support for her husband and Dédée. Dédée's father, Paul, was a schoolmaster by profession, a scholar who seemed to peer at the outside world anxiously through thick glasses. Each morning at the same time his stooping figure could be seen coming out of the front door on his way to his school on the other side of the town. He was not, I imagine, a conspicuous figure, but on those morning walks his mind must have been full of plans and schemes—and fear. Almost from the beginning he and Dédée were both under



The Pyrenees, which the escaping Allied servicemen had to cross: a view from the French side

suspicion. The Gestapo had called at the house, but luckily she was away. Her father at once decided that she must go to Paris, and he would become the leader of the Brussels sector. So each time he arrived at the school he loved so much—today it is named after him, a great Belgian patriot—it could be the last time, but his colleagues and the schoolchildren knew nothing of this. They only knew him as a very gentle man, but, at the same time, a great righter of wrongs.

So, incredible though it may seem, this improbable pair, the young girl and her father the schoolteacher, ran this vast organization and embarked upon an existence which was always overshadowed by fear. In the next years there was not a moment when the threat of death was not there. Why on earth did they do it? I suppose no one can answer that entirely. But certainly she, and all the other members of the Comet Line, honestly felt that the Nazis represented a return to the Dark Ages.

By 1942 the Line was working smoothly, and a steady stream of our servicemen, mostly airmen, passed down it and got away. There were some hairbreadth escapes: one of the most dangerous places was the frontier between Belgium and France, because of the Customs and police inspections which took place there. One day three of our men were being led down by a little girl called Michou, who looked about fifteen. Actually she was about eighteen, and one of the most experienced Comet guides. She could get away with anything, because she looked such a baby. None of the men could speak any French so they had been told not under any condition to open their mouths. So when the Customs officer questioned the first one, Michou answered.



'Why can't he speak for himself?' said the officer. 'Because he's dumb, poor man', she said. And when the second one came along, she said: 'This one is deaf'. Luckily for her that Customs officer was a patriotic Frenchman, and when the third one came along, he looked at her, smiled, winked, and said: 'Mademoiselle, this one, I take it, is deaf and dumb'. But they learnt their lesson. From then onwards the men had to pretend to be Flemish-speaking Belgians who knew no French at all.

The most dangerous and certainly the most arduous place was the mountain crossing, because once they had started on that climb they could not go back. They couldn't leave the men. And these servicemen were in poor condition, because many of them had been hiding for a long time. They always went in the same order: first went Florentino, carrying a rucksack weighing just over fifty pounds; then came Dédée, carrying a rucksack weighing just over twenty-five pounds; and then the men in single file. You will not believe this, but it is true—if one of those men collapsed, as they often did, Florentino used to carry him over the mountains. Such was the strength of that Basque guide. But when he did so, Dédée used to take his rucksack as well as her own, which meant that this young woman was carrying seventy-five pounds. She always remembers with great affection and admiration a young Scotsman. He had been six months in a cellar, not out in the air at all, he had been short of food, and he was in such poor shape that she did not want to take him, but she felt he had suffered so much that she must. They slogged their way up the mountain and he began to look more ghastly every moment. He never opened his mouth the entire trip until they were outside the Consulate at Bilbao, when he turned to her and said: 'Is it all over?' She said 'Yes'. He collapsed in a dead faint on the ground, and he was two months in hospital before he recovered.

Sometimes those escaping had to run for it. On one particular dark night when it was so black that they could hardly see their hand in front of their face, Florentino and Dédée were leading five men over. They had forded and waded across the Bidassoa river which was the frontier between France and Spain at that particular point. They were making for a fire cut—that is a gap cut in the woods to prevent the fires spreading. This fire cut led straight up into Spain and they often used it because it was unguarded. They were going along very cautiously and suddenly they heard the bolt of a rifle being worked in front of them—the rifle being loaded. Florentino seized Dédée by the hand, she seized the man next to her, right down the line. 'Charge!' she said; and they rushed the sentry, who was so surprised that he did not fire until after they had gone. They scrambled up that fire cut with shots whistling over their heads, whistles blowing, pandemonium breaking out all along the frontier.

When they got to the top and collected themselves, they found that one of them was missing. So Dédée and Florentino independently went back to look for him. Dédée was going along a narrow path over a sort of ravine with a sheer drop on either side. Suddenly she heard somebody coming towards her on the path. It was so narrow that they could not pass. When she stopped, he stopped. A terrible moment—what was she to do? If she turned round and went back, she was afraid of leading whoever it was—who was almost certainly a gendarme—to the hiding place of *les enfants*, her men. Her first thought was always for the men, so she decided to go on, hoping that when they met the path would be broad enough for her to nip round him in the dark. Gradually they approached each other, closer and closer. She stopped, he stopped. Out of the darkness there was a hoarse whisper. She was almost sick with relief. It was Florentino. The two of them now went down together and they found the lost man, who was an Australian. He had sprained his ankle and was hobbling along behind. Dédée's only comment was: 'It's



'The most famous guide of all: Florentino, a Basque smuggler'—

always the navigator who gets lost'. The Australian happened to be a navigator.

By January, 1943, 118 men had escaped: thirty-three crossings had been made over the mountains, and Dédée herself had made twenty-three. But the clouds were getting darker. In two days 100 members of the Comet Line were arrested, and the Gestapo were hot on the trail of Paul, Dédée's father. He had had to leave Brussels and go down to Paris, and even there he had constantly to change his address. So, when Dédée came down on her twenty-fourth trip, taking with her three airmen, she picked up her father in Paris and insisted that he came down to the frontier, because she wanted him to escape before it was too late.

When she arrived in the frontier zone the weather was terrible, the worst she ever remembered, with snowstorms and blizzards. Word came through that the river Bidassoa had overflowed its banks, which meant a five-hour detour through the mountains in that difficult, hard winter weather: too much, she felt, to ask of any old schoolmaster. So Paul, much against his will, was persuaded to stay behind. He kissed his beloved Dédée goodbye and saw her cycle off into the snowstorm, followed by her three men.

The party arrived at an isolated farmhouse from where they were to start their crossing of the mountains. But the weather was so bad, they decided to postpone it for twenty-four hours. After all, it did not matter much, and it was warm in the kitchen and they were really very happy, because in twenty-four hours they were going to be free. Suddenly the door burst open and in came the Gestapo. They had been betrayed, but who the traitor was nobody has ever discovered, to this day. Dédée was now to suffer what so many others had suffered before—and so many would suffer afterwards—imprisonment. After the war she said: 'Once you have gone through the first two minutes of capture then the worst is over, it's all right, for from then on you have accepted in your mind that you are dead anyway. And when it does not appear that you are going to die immediately, that is a bonus, and all that follows from then on is a bonus'. She was to be moved from one prison to another during the next two years—she was in fifteen of them in all, ending up in one of the most hideous concentration camps of all, Ravensbrück. During this period she suffered unspeakable things, of which she now can only say:



—and Madame de Greef ('Tante Go'), who introduced Florentino to the Comet Line



'You cannot imagine'. And she was by no means the last of the Comet members to suffer in this way. To this prison came her father, Paul. He had refused to leave for England after her capture and replaced her as head of the Line. He was taken by the Gestapo in June 1943 and in March 1944 he was shot.

Yet still the Line went on. Paul was replaced by a man who was called Franco, and he remained the overall leader of the Line until he was arrested. He appointed Henri Michelli as the Brussels chief. But after a month, Michelli was arrested. Then came a man called Nemo: he was captured by the Gestapo and died. Then Jacques Cartier: he was drowned guiding a party across the river Bidassoa. Yvon Michiels was the last of the Brussels leaders and he, I am glad to say, is alive today.

By the end of the war 800 people had been saved by this organization, but at a cost of over 200 Belgian and French lives. And of those who did come back from the concentration camps in Germany, many of them were so ill that they did not recover

for a long period and some never recovered at all. Dédée returned, but she was very, very sick. For months she lay dangerously ill in a hospital in Switzerland. And what do you think this remarkable girl did with her life when the time came to pick up the threads again? She trained as a hospital nurse, took a course of tropical medicine, and is now nursing lepers in a leper colony in the Belgian Congo.

I have been proud to tell this story of a most remarkable woman, who more than anybody I have ever heard of placed service to others before self: Andrée De Jongh, G.M.—because I am glad to say that in February 1946 at Buckingham Palace she was awarded the George Medal, one of the highest awards for bravery that can be won by a civilian. But what makes her so attractive is that she has always remained very much a woman. She took with her to that camp in the Congo a whole trunk full of the latest clothes, including an extremely smart evening dress, which I cannot really imagine would be wanted there.

—From the 'Men of Action' series (B.B.C. Television)

## Three Poems

### On the Map

That place is not the fact  
We began loving there,  
Though memory confuse the act and scene  
And we seem living there  
Whatever place we're in,

But still it must remain  
Aloof, inviolable;  
Not merely proof our memories  
Are not deceiving there  
The two remote inhabitants  
Who would know where I mean.

PATRIC DICKINSON

### Death on a Live Wire

Treading a field I saw afar  
A laughing fellow climbing the cage  
That held the grinning tensions of wire,  
Alone, and no girl gave him courage.

Up he climbed on the diamond struts,  
Diamond cut diamond, till he stood  
With the insulators brooding like owls  
And all their live wisdom, if he would.

I called to him climbing and asked him to say  
What thrust him into the singeing sky:  
The one word he told me the wind took away,  
So I shouted again, but the wind passed me by

And the gust of his answer tore at his coat  
And stuck him stark on the lightning's bough;  
Humanity screeched in his manacled throat  
And he cracked with flame like a figure of straw.

Turning, burning, he dangled black,  
A hot sun swallowing at his fork  
And shaking embers out of his back,  
Planting his shadow of fear in the chalk.

O then he danced an incredible dance  
With soot in his sockets, hanging at heels;  
Uprooted mandrakes screamed in his loins,  
His legs thrashed and lashed like electric eels;

For now he embraced the talent of iron,  
The white-hot ore that comes from the hill,  
The Word out of which the electrons run,  
The snake in the rod and the miracle;

And as he embraced it the girders turned black,  
Fused metal wept and great tears ran down,  
Till his fingers like snails at last came unstuck  
And he fell through the cage of the sun.

MICHAEL BALDWIN

### Window on Clough End

There is never much colour here. Cold  
northern rain has filched all richness  
from the hills; they are only a sober background  
half-tamed, wrinkled under their harness  
of tattered old walls, where bleached straws, tans  
faint acid greens, darken and flow.

The superannuated canal  
unwinking, lazily eyes the sky,  
the hills doze among featherbed clouds;  
now, lifted roofs shine and whiten  
in the flashing shower that strips and scours—  
there is always a rawness about this land.

Long chimneys crayon the landscape, writing  
from left to right in the wind that whistles  
from the west, no Chinese script here.  
Mrs. Pott—we can read these hieroglyphics—  
sparks her chimney each Friday, that further  
chalk plume marks a train in the cutting.

Each smoke scrawl condenses in brief symbol  
the warmth, the boredom, of working lives:  
clatter of spindles, shutting traffic  
the spring breath when the moor is fired  
everything kindled, glowing, ecstatic—  
smoke is the outcome, smoke the pall.

But sometimes, beyond the endless chain  
of lorries racking through the valley,  
a far-off crest, bone-sharp in sunlight  
or etched with snow on a heavy sky,  
will sear like acid the calloused spirit  
leaving it naked to wind and rain.

I. H. SEED



# The Public and the Polls

By D. E. G. PLOWMAN

SOME commentators have said that the great casualty of the recent election, apart from the Labour Party, was the public opinion poll. I do not believe this. As I see it, the public reaction against the polls stemmed largely from ignorance, plus a certain amount of genuine confusion and, in some cases, disappointment. Many of the figures produced by opinion polls cannot be independently checked by members of the public. For example, 64 per cent. of the public *may* be against more nationalization, but there is no way of knowing for certain. The layman has to rely for his judgment of such estimates on what he knows about the problems of polling, together with the public reputation of the agency responsible for the poll. Rightly or wrongly, this reputation is built largely on the success of one spectacular prediction: of how people will vote at an election.

## The Art of Reliable Sampling

The art of reliably sampling the opinions of the public involves two basic skills: knowing whom to ask, and knowing how to ask them. The better polls have largely mastered these skills by now. For example, we know that the actual wording of the questions is important, and that slight changes can affect the results. In one American study, 62 per cent. thought that the United States 'should not allow' public speeches against democracy, but only 46 per cent. thought it 'should forbid' them. But each poll is careful to use the same words for every sample, and the *trends* of opinion ought to be reliable.

It is equally a matter of skill to know whom to ask. The principles of selecting a sample that is a microcosm of the electorate are well known. But, however much skill is used, one cannot avoid straightforward sampling errors, and these depend on how large the sample is. With samples of 2,000 to 3,000, such as most polls use, these errors should average out at about 1 per cent. But any poll could, on occasion, be as much as 3 per cent. out through no fault of its own, purely as a result of chance. Apart from this, no poll can predict last-minute shifts in opinion. Polls published on election morning must already be several days out-of-date. With all these hazards, it is remarkable that the main polls should have been so accurate in past elections.

There is no question of failure in the recent election, either. When a sensible comparison is made with the result, the regular polls were accurate once more. All came within 1 per cent. or less of the final figures, on average. All gave a Conservative lead big enough to produce a majority, even if all underestimated it. So why the talk of failure?

Part of it was ignorance. The essential step in such comparisons is to eliminate the 'don't knows', and repercentage the other figures, on the grounds that people who do not know how they will vote are not equivalent to votes cast. The *Daily Express*, among others, failed to take this elementary step in its post-mortem on its own poll, thereby rejecting a poll that was as good as any other. But this is a mistake equivalent to assuming that many people promised to vote for an unofficial candidate, a Mr. Don't Know, but unaccountably failed to do so on the day.

## Eliminating the 'Don't Knows'

But eliminating the 'don't knows' is certainly to make assumptions. The most obvious is that they will not vote at all; but it is not the only possibility. Another is that some or all of them will vote *pro rata* with the committed people, or the 'intenders' as I shall call them; and a third is that some will vote in a different ratio, but be compensated for by opposite abstentions amongst the intenders. For, as well as asking what the 'don't knows' will do, we must also ask whether the intenders will really carry out their intentions. All these are possible sources of error, and it may seem reasonable to be cautious about the

final polls. But eliminating the 'don't knows' has almost always worked in the past, although there have been one or two fiascos. Why should we have been so cautious this time?

Clearly, the more the 'don't knows', the greater the theoretically possible margin of error. People were scared this time from a belief that there were more 'don't knows' than usual. Hence the fantastic mythology of the 'won't goes', the 'won't tells' and the 'don't cares'. They were said to be deserting Labour voters, ashamed to say so. They were deprived Liberals. They were staging a 'won't say' strike against the impertinent pollster. They might even be beginning to think.

Was this extra caution necessary? I think not. To begin with, the position was somewhat exaggerated. It is true that the 'don't knows' tended to increase, which is unusual. But there was a rather striking disagreement on their number, and two of the polls had no more than in previous elections.

However, to find out what the 'don't knows' really did on polling day, one must ask them afterwards. The *Daily Telegraph* has done this. They find that about half the 'don't knows' did vote, and that rather more voted Conservative than Labour. One may ask whether these figures are not inflated: for many of us think it a virtue to vote, and we tend to take an over-generous view of our virtue. Still, on the face of it, these findings seem to confirm all the fears before the election; although I must point out that they are not consistent with the only other evidence—the Gallup Poll's finding that five in six of the 'don't knows' did not expect to vote. The *Daily Telegraph* also found that rather more Labour intenders than Conservative abstained: although this was foreseen by some pollsters.

## The Most Accurate Prediction

It seems to me that none of this mattered much. It is true that there were curious minor discrepancies in some of the polls. In the past, the Gallup Poll has tried to allow for the 'don't knows' by pressing as many as possible to name a preference; and taking this into account has often improved the prediction. In this election, the *Daily Telegraph* did improve its prediction by this means, but the Gallup Poll made its own predictions worse! On the other hand, the Gallup Poll has offered a third estimate, based only on the 80 per cent. who answered 'yes' when asked whether they 'expected to be able to go and vote'. Despite the fact that these findings are not compatible with the *Daily Telegraph's* follow-up—at least in the behaviour of the 'don't knows'—this was still the Gallup Poll's most accurate prediction.

All this might suggest that the polls are blind men, wise only after the event. But although the *Daily Telegraph* offered two estimates, and the Gallup Poll three, all these—as well as the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*—were still within the margin of sampling errors. None of them could with certainty have been improved upon. None of them justifies talk of failure. The combined effect, in this election, of intenders abstaining and 'don't knows' voting was not enough to put the polls seriously out. In other words, it was sufficient to ask a straight question about voting intention, and then to eliminate the 'don't knows'.

Naturally, no technique involving people is infallible. But it seems to me that the 'don't know' problem was largely a myth, and the polls were vindicated, despite their own lack of confidence. I doubt if we shall be so scared next time. Apart from this confusion, there was one other element in the reaction: the need of a scapegoat. Starting from what looked like a hopeless position, the Labour Party fought back brilliantly, and, until the last few days, the polls showed a trend to the left. Undoubtedly, Labour had begun to hope. The resulting disappointment found a convenient scapegoat in the polls.



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So far, I have been trying to show that criticism of the polls' performance at the last election is unreasonable. This would not in itself stop the public from turning against polls in the future. But I do not think this will happen in fact, and for a simple reason: the polls fulfil a need. We have always wanted horoscopes, and nowadays they are more scientific. However much the polls may deny this function, this is what many people look for, and only the polls have any claim to precise forecasting. Evidence that they are more than an innocent diversion comes from the activity on the Stock Exchange after each new poll was published. It is even rumoured that one investment trust has been trying to find ways of predicting the predictions. *The Economist* has not published the polls' obituary. If the business world takes notice, the public will probably follow suit.

### Poll or Canvass?

Let us assume, then, that the polls will continue to sample voting intention, and that their results will be publicized. How does this affect the political scene? In theory, a complete and reliable party canvass would be better than a sample poll. But local parties do not always manage a complete canvass, and the fact that it is done under a party label can easily distort the results. Only two days before the election, both party managers announced, almost in chorus: 'If the polls are right, every canvass we have done is wrong'. The polls *were* right: their whole importance in elections stems from the fact that they set out to do accurately what the parties have always tried to do by more primitive means.

But, apart from influencing election campaigns, the polls can tell the government when to go to the country. Governments do not need polls to know that tax reliefs are working, production going up and unemployment down, hire-purchase debts mounting and new cars pouring on to the roads. But they do need polls to translate these intangibles into potential votes. According to the Gallup Poll, there have been only two occasions since 1955 when the Government had a clear lead over Labour: last autumn, and this. Last year there were loud Conservative cries for an election. This year, they pulled it off. Any government can pick a time when it has a substantial lead on the polls. Provided only that its stock does not fall permanently below that of the opposition, it can—in theory at least—remain in power in perpetuity.

Perhaps I am exaggerating the danger. But it is created by the very accuracy of the polls. As long as the government of the day has a big enough majority and is prepared to use it, and as long as it can choose when to go to the country, the knowledge that it has lost the support of a majority of public opinion is merely academic. The opposition parties cannot benefit from it.

Apart from guiding the parties and the government, opinion polls are themselves part of the process of an election. Sociologists talk of a self-fulfilling prophecy, or a self-defeating one. To prophesy that a bank will go bust can, in principle—if the bank is small enough and in a closely knit community—really make it go bust. Can publishing an opinion poll during the course of a campaign have similar effects?

### Effect upon Party Machines

There might clearly be an effect upon the party machines. At the start of the campaign, Conservatives were warned against complacency. As the trend to the left built up, Labour visibly took heart. Liberals felt compelled to explain away their small support as due to a statistical trick—although they did not accuse anyone of trickery. The party machines can also react, not just to the polls but also to how the other party reacts, or how they think it does. This could reach unimaginable complexities of bluff and double bluff, which it would be difficult to trace in practice. But different effects upon the morale of each party might be enough to swing the balance in some marginal seats.

Could the polls also have a direct effect upon the voter? One possibility is the band-wagon effect, or what used to be called the 'flowing tide'... a possibility carried to its logically absurd conclusion in one of the many 'don't know' jokes: 'Oh yes, I'll vote when I see how the rest have voted'. Some evidence comes from a study of an American presidential election. People who, early in the election, had not made up their minds how to vote were asked

whom they expected to win. When some of these expressed a voting intention later, they tended to choose the party they had earlier expected to win. A few of these said explicitly that they wanted to vote for the winner. This effect was certainly small. Some pollsters tend to dismiss it altogether, because, for example, large proportions of people are known to go on supporting one candidate even while they expect his opponent to win. Clearly, they are ready to vote against the tide.

I agree that the evidence is against any large-scale band-wagon effect. But it seems to me that to dismiss it altogether is to forget the crucial point about British elections at the moment. In an electoral system that magnifies small changes out of all proportion, the two main parties are in such a delicate state of balance that only small changes are needed. Two or three in every hundred, perhaps. That is why small effects on the morale of the party machines may be important: and that is why I am reluctant to dismiss the band-wagon effect without more evidence.

But this is not the only possibility. What about the people who merely jump off their own wagons and stand in the crowd, doing nothing? Why should not some of the differential abstention between Labour and Conservatives have been prompted, or at least reinforced, by the effect of the polls? There is some indirect evidence. Politicians were certainly worried by the possibility; and one Conservative candidate even wanted the polls banned during the campaign, lest the marginal Conservative voter stay at home out of complacency, and the marginal Labour voter feel impelled to do something about it. In the American study, already cited, a number of people explicitly mentioned polls as helping to form their expectations. In the recent election there is evidence that more Conservative than Labour supporters felt strongly about the outcome; and the poll on election morning, by giving them the prospect of a close finish, may have forced them to act. On the other hand, how many Labour supporters, already struggling between conscience and apathy, looked at the final poll and gave up the ghost in advance?

### The Risks Involved

The polls, then, could have had an effect in two ways: on the morale of the parties, and on the morale of the individual voters. Apart from hints, there is no real evidence, and sensitive methods would be needed to produce it. Psychological studies of suggestion indicate that its effect is mainly on the ignorant and the apathetic. But these are the people who are least likely to vote, so perhaps the risk is slight. However, so long as so few people are needed to swing the balance, I am not ready to dismiss such risks. The big danger is that if polls really influence votes, people may begin to use them to influence votes. There is nothing, in principle, to stop an unscrupulous firm or newspaper from publishing an entirely fictitious poll, showing whatever trend it wanted.

Possibly the best safeguard against such abuses is the very situation we now have: several polls, known to be independent of each other, with a vested interest in accuracy, publishing estimates that the public can check against both each other and the final vote, and making their material available to research workers (as happens in at least one case). It would be difficult to get away with consistently bogus polls in such circumstances, at least on voting intention, although easier on other issues where the results cannot be so readily checked. If these safeguards should ever turn out not to work, one might perhaps need to consider some form of control or inspection. Such control would not merely need to be fair, it would need to be seen to be fair. Therefore the government of the day could not undertake it, since a government-sponsored poll would immediately be distrusted by the opposition, and perhaps discounted, much as party canvasses are.

Possibly none of these dangers is serious, and I am in any case speculating. But to return to the self-fulfilling prophecy: just as publishing opinion polls is part of the election process, so is talking about them—as long as anyone is listening. The mere fact of airing dangers may alert people, and make them less likely. On the other hand, it may give people ideas, thus converting possibilities into actualities. So what will really happen? Although the dangers are there, I must end by admitting—like some others recently—that I don't know.—*Third Programme*



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Left and centre, two sides of the Portland Vase (in the British Museum); right, Josiah Wedgwood's version of 1839, with draped figures

## The Story of the Portland Vase

By NEIL McKENDRICK

**D**URING the artistic rape of Europe in the eighteenth century—the ransack that is now known as the Grand Tour\*—England was flooded with cultural spoils of her wandering noblemen. Paintings, porcelain and pottery, sculpture, jewellery and tapestry poured into the country in an ill-sorted, ill-chosen mass. Much was fake, much was commonplace, but occasionally pieces of unparalleled beauty and fame were acquired. Of all the most famous and most beautiful, few could compare with the Barberini Vase.

It stands now in the British Museum—a small, heavily cracked vase composed of nothing more remarkable nor more valuable than glass. By many its shape is considered undistinguished; others find its decoration uninspired, and no one can deny that it is no longer perfect. Yet it is, perhaps, the most famous vase in the world. Certainly it is the most remarkable. For of all *objets d'art*, it has had one of the longest, most varied, and most exciting careers. Legend still clings to it, like moss to a mountain rock, but it is difficult to think of any object less in need of mythical additions to augment its history, so rich and varied is the reality.

The history of this vase is studded with the names of the famous: Alexander the Great, Pope Urban VIII, Princess Barberini, Sir William Hamilton, the Duchess of Portland, Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Erasmus Darwin, and William Blake—all have been closely linked with the vase. For nearly 2,000 years it has inspired men's wonder, excited their greed, and stimulated their imagination. It has fired men to desire it, to reproduce it, to explain it, and—on one disastrous occasion—to destroy it.

The early history of the vase has never been satisfactorily explained. Sir William Hamilton was certain that it was a work of the fourth century B.C., carried in triumph out of Asia by the all-conquering Alexander the Great to bear his ashes when he died. Others thought that it was the burial urn of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus and his mother Mammea, who were murdered by the Roman legions in Germany some 600 years later, and almost everybody for the last 300 years has believed

that it was buried—complete with somebody's ashes—and not revealed again until 1582, when it was said to have been found in a sarcophagus dug from Monte del Grano.

But there is no positive evidence in favour of these beliefs, and there is strong evidence against them. In fact, intriguing as they are, they are almost certainly untrue. This is a great pity, because not only were the legends attractive, but they were also convenient, and without them it is impossible to explain the whereabouts of the vase, from its creation in the hands of a pre-Christian glass-maker in Alexandria, to its reappearance some 1,700 years later in the possession of the famous Barberini family in Rome. Wherever it had wandered over the centuries, the Barberini were determined that it should wander no more. In fact, so proud of the vase was Pope Urban VIII that he gave specific instructions that this gem of the Barberini collection should never leave Rome.

Unhappily he had reckoned without the eighteenth century's addiction to gambling, and without the love of *objets d'art* of English travellers on the Grand Tour. In an age when young noblemen laid bets lavishly and indiscriminately on such subjects as the fertility of the local parson's wife or the speed of raindrops running down a window pane, and when betting played as large a part in social life as hunting and dancing, it is not surprising that even the Princess Barberini should occasionally have difficulties in meeting her debts. And at a time when Rome was thronged with culture-hungry tourists it is even less surprising that the obvious solution should occur to her and that she should sell the pot to pay her debts. She found a ready sale, but not unnaturally, considering the papal ban, she sold it in secret, and there is little record of the transaction.

It is typical of the vase's restless history that its next move should have been decided by the chance turn of a card. Princess Barberini sold it to James Byres, a Scottish antiquary, who lived in Rome and supplemented his income by helping *milords inglesi* in search of suitable trophies to take back to England at the end of their Grand Tour. It was not in his

\* This is the last of three talks under the heading 'The Grand Tour'. The first two talks, by J. H. Plumb, were printed in THE LISTENER on December 31 and January 2.



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hands for long. He showed it to Sir William Hamilton, who promptly bought it for £1,000.

Sir William Hamilton, who is mostly remembered now as the husband of Emma Hamilton, Nelson's mistress, was then well known as an enthusiastic connoisseur, and one of the first to popularize the discoveries at Herculaneum as part of the Grand Tour. It was he who brought the vase into England in 1784.

### Lady Portland's 'intoxication'

Its fame had preceded it, and Sir William was bombarded with notes, letters, and secret messages from the art-crazed Lady Portland, that avid collector of the rare or the unique. Horace Walpole described her as 'a simple woman, but perfectly sober, and intoxicated only by empty vases'. She was certainly intoxicated with the Barberini—she paid Sir William 1,800 guineas for it (roughly equivalent to £20,000 by present-day values—a quick and tidy profit remembering what he paid for it). Once in the hands of the delighted buyer, the Barberini disappeared from view. In fact she had conducted the whole transaction 'with such secrecy', according to Wedgwood, 'that she was never known even by her own family to be the possessor of it'. The secrecy is easily explained. Lady Portland's family were not unnaturally alarmed at her eccentric buying—she had a disturbing tendency to pay enormous sums for worthless seashells which she thought were unique—and she clearly did not wish them to hear of her latest extravagance.

To Josiah Wedgwood the disappearance of the vase was maddening. Excited by the rumours of its arrival in this country and intrigued by its beauty, he was planning, as a final test of his technical skill, to produce a copy, and he had only drawings to work from. But Lady Portland, like an ecstatic squirrel with a unique nut, had secreted it away among her most precious possessions and would show it to none but her closest friends. Within a year, however, she was dead, and within three days of the auction of her collection, the vase was in Wedgwood's hands. The third Duke of Portland had bought it back into the family for 980 guineas, and promptly lent it to England's leading potter for reproduction.

With Lady Portland's death and its purchase by her son, the vase finally lost its identity with the Barberini family and gradually became known as the Portland vase, the name it bears today. With her death, also, began the great attempts at reproduction, and within the next century it was reproduced in plaster, glass, brass, silver, iron, marble, and even in wood. But by far the most famous and most perfect were the copies made in jasper by Josiah Wedgwood in the early seventeen-nineties. Wedgwood spent years and countless experiments in perfecting his copy and when it was completed it won universal praise. Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy, declared it to be 'a correct and faithful imitation, both in regard to the general effect, and the most minute detail of the parts'; Queen Charlotte expressed her admiration; William Blake engraved it; crowds flocked to see it in Wedgwood's London showrooms; and it was paraded through the courts of Europe by Wedgwood's son, the second Josiah. People clamoured for copies, but such were the difficulties of production that they were never a commercial proposition, and today they are so rare that they have fetched up to £480 in the sale-room. It was felt to be a triumph for Wedgwood and a triumph for English pottery. In the words of Wolf Mankowitz, the vase's latest and most reliable historian, it was 'the most refined work ever accomplished in European ceramic history'.

### Wedgwood's Landmark in Victorian Morality

It has been reproduced by others ever since, but never with the same success. Even the later attempts of the Wedgwood firm could not compare with the efforts of the first Josiah. Their 1839 version was of much poorer quality. In fact, it is more of a landmark in Victorian morality than in the history of pottery: for the charming little cupid was made to cross his legs to hide his embryonic manhood, and the other figures, naked and unashamed in the original, were draped with an attention to detail which would have satisfied Victoria herself.

Conjecture about the vase itself did not decline, but the chief interest was now directed to interpreting the story it depicts. On each side is a scene seemingly representing a love story. On one

side a young girl is caressing a serpent with one hand and reaching up with the other to welcome a naked young man who is approaching rather dreamily. A plump little cupid hovers above, and an older bearded man looks thoughtfully on. On the other side two young women lie in negligent undress beneath a tree and a handsome young man looks longingly towards them. To add a further complication a robed figure holding a finger to his lips is carved on the base. Such material lends itself to speculation and it can be made to fit a host of mythological stories.

Certainly the range of interpretation is impressive. First it was assumed to be the burial urn of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and Princess Faustina, and the story that of the famous physician Galen diagnosing their daughter's mysterious illness as love for a rope-dancer. Certainly this can be made to fit the figures on the vase (though what part the serpent played is difficult to understand), and the daughter's known taste for muscular young men such as wrestlers, rope-dancers, and gladiators supports it; but unfortunately the likelihood of a Roman emperor decorating his burial urn with the story of his daughter's casual love affairs is extremely remote.

### Interpretations Plausible and Absurd

The other interpretations are a similar mixture of the plausible and the absurd. With minor adjustments the figures have been made to fit the love stories of Medea and Jason, Theseus and Amphitrite, Jupiter and Olympias. The more inventive have seen the serpent as a swan's neck and the story, therefore, that of Leda; someone else saw in the serpent the symbolic representation of a horde of ravenous sea-monsters and the story, therefore, that of Thetis. The three young women inevitably led to the suggestion that it was a version of the Judgment of Paris, while to Erasmus Darwin, refreshingly but implausibly, the figures suggested a fertility cult from Asia with the vase playing a vital part in a ritual enactment of death and re-birth. If so, the male figure must have been the most reluctant hero in the history of fertility rites.

To these suggestions there were constant additions. But in the middle of the nineteenth century the vase was thrust far more dramatically before the public eye. For on Friday, February 7, 1845, William Lloyd secured his only niche in history and satisfied his drunken desire to destroy when he stepped from a crowd of spectators in the British Museum and hurled a stone sculpture through the only perfect surviving example of Greek cameo glass, and shattered the priceless gem to pieces. Lloyd's action was not like those who ease their neurotic hate in the destruction of the unique, nor like those who satisfy their twisted standards of morality by defacing famous nudes. It was not a premeditated act, not the act of a madman. He simply felt a sudden uncheckable desire to smash something and the most famous vase in the world happened to be the handiest and most tempting target in sight. The vase's habit of being the centre of attention had at last proved its downfall.

Now, carefully pieced together again, it belongs to the nation, and stands unostentatiously in the British Museum. Probably few of those who stop to look at it realize the mysteries that still surround it. It may have contained the ashes of one of the world's greatest generals, it may have been the burial urn of a Roman emperor, it may have been worshipped as part of an age-old fertility rite. But whatever the possibilities of its strange career, they can be little more remarkable than the certainties. And what happened to it during its first 1,700 years of existence we shall never know for certain. Like the story told by the vase, it is open to your speculation.—*Home Service*

George Lowe has the distinction of having been a member of the successful Everest Expedition of 1953 and of having crossed the Antarctic a few years later, and in *Because it is there* (Cassell, 21s.) he has described his adventures on both expeditions. He has set himself a difficult task, since the Everest exploit has already been retold from every possible angle and Sir Vivian Fuchs himself has written the Antarctic story in considerable detail. Nevertheless this is a modest and well-written book. Mr. Lowe's speciality is photography and he has rightly concentrated upon it. The book is splendidly illustrated with a selection of his best pictures. The technical information he provides is of interest to all travellers, even though their goal may be lower than that of this intrepid author.



## Landmarks of Political Thought

## 'The Rights of Man'

STEVEN WATSON on Thomas Paine

IT IS a fair generalization that the characteristics of any age are more clearly revealed in the work of rebels and radicals than in that of conservatives. Burke\* was in love with eighteenth-century traditions: yet in his romantic passion, his heady, misty, rhetoric he is far less typical of it than his opponent and contemporary, Tom Paine.

Paine was hard-headed. He came of good Quaker parents. He had served at sea in a privateer. He had been apprenticed to a maker of corsets. He had failed in business as a tobacconist. He had the distinction of being twice sacked from employment in His Majesty's Excise Service. He was all his life a nonconformist in the religious sense—but, more important, in the social sense also. For forty years he knocked about unsuccessfully on the fringes of the solid and settled world of eighteenth-century England. He was the sort of man who sits looking on, making cynical remarks in a useless, acute way in some bar parlour while the world marches on, run by less intellectual but more practical men.

But when he was nearly forty, Tom Paine went to America. And in America he found fame. Here was a whole country of nonconformists, of irregulars, of rough talents and little pomposity. But even in America, on the eve of the war for independence from England, some conventions were still powerful. Men were ready to revolt but sentiment and habits of mind held them back. In particular, they hesitated to blame George III for their troubles. No such hesitation affected Paine. In his short book, *Common Sense*, in 1776, he spoke clear, crisp words which broke the spell. America, he said, was a new country. Monarchy was a ridiculous thing to impose upon an expanding and egalitarian society. His book woke Americans and spurred them into decisive action.

## Stating the Obvious

It was typical of Paine to say the obvious thing which no one else dared to say. It was typical of him to anger his own side. By advocating the abolition of slavery, he soon annoyed the respectable inhabitants of the United States almost as much as he had annoyed King George's Englishmen. Paine left American politics with a shrug. He took to inventing. To get commercial backing for one of his inventions, an iron bridge, he returned to England. In a short time he was in the thick of radical discussions for constitutional reform. Before long, he was extolling the French Revolution of 1789. His enthusiasm for it was sufficient to gain him French citizenship, to gain him a seat in the Assembly in Paris—though, in due course, this earned him imprisonment under the Terror and almost earned him the guillotine too. But his enthusiasm also carried him into writing *The Rights of Man*, a book which began as a defence of the French Revolution against Burke's attacks but developed into a full exposition of Paine's own political philosophy.

I said Paine was always an anti-conformist, an 'outsider'; but I also said that he was typical of the eighteenth century. What I mean is at once apparent when one reads *The Rights of Man*. In it he mocks at the social system of his day, at landed, respectable, Georgian England and the old foppish France. But the solidity, the stability of that old world had accustomed men to think of human nature itself as solid, as stable and simple. Man was, for them, a rational being. This is the fundamental fault in Paine's books. He proposed to remove not just the kings but also many of the social bonds which tie men together and keep them lazily conventional. He assumes that men do not need these ties; that human nature will be unaffected by their dissolution. Human beings for him are rational and calm. We know them to be passionate, and we know that when one splits up social units there may be a release of energy as marvellous as that from the atom.

The paradox about Paine is that he condemns the artificialities of society of his day without realizing that his own view of mankind is one of those artificialities. For him, most problems were simple because his analysis is so superficial. All is black and white. But his argument was immensely persuasive for two main reasons. First, because he made everything so straightforward; there is no subtlety: second, because his language is so vivid. He was a natural phrase-maker. Perhaps the most famous phrase is his sneer at Burke: 'He pities the plumage and forgets the dying bird'. But is this not also vivid? Attacks upon the French Revolution, he says, will encourage it, 'for the more it is struck the more sparks it will emit'. Or this: 'When the tongue is let loose in a frenzy of passion it is the man and not the subject that becomes exhausted'. Or this, at the root of his philosophy: 'Society is produced by our wants and government by our wickedness . . . Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence . . . the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of Paradise'.

## Paine's Philosophy

What, then, is Paine's philosophy? Men, he says, are social beings and equal politically. Rank and tradition are all blarney to conceal the vile conquests and injustices of the past. To preserve themselves from the inconveniences of social life, men make a bargain to regulate their behaviour to one another. This is a constitution. Once this bargain has been made they hire a government to administer these rules for them. If they were always perfectly behaved they would not need a government. This is what he means by saying: 'Government is the badge of lost innocence'. Indeed, as men grow more civilized—i.e., more fully rational, more full of eighteenth-century calm—they will need government less. We can then look forward to government 'withering away' not, as with Marx, by the victory of revolution, but by the growth of common sense. England, says Paine, has no constitution. It has only a barbarian brought over from Brunswick and paid a million pounds a year to be a boss. America, on the other hand, has its constitution: he had helped to inspire it. Indeed, Paine's view that very little government is necessary and that it is usually corrupt is a very American attitude. He wants us to be rid of kings and dignities and to build in the certainty that a nation is not a living body but a social club, its existence based not upon emotions but upon common-sense rules generally agreed.

## A New Start

Paine's views demand a completely new start. He is, therefore, a dangerous adviser to those who have inherited passions and obligations from the past. In France his counsel was dangerous when it was not just ineffective. In America in the days when America was new, in the days when social tension could be released by expansion westward, he had something like his simple society uncomplicated by internal struggles for power.

Having declared that the main cause of war is the ambition of kings, Paine recommends a united Republic of Europe. Peace, he thinks, with America and Asia is sure. His guarantee of peace is man's self-interest: men will profit by trade; trade demands peace. It is more sensible to exchange goods than to exchange blows and therefore men (once wicked kings are abolished) will enjoy peace. And with the money saved by cutting down armaments Paine has some interesting schemes to promote—schemes in which he is a century ahead of history. He wants to have universal education for all children. He wants, and does the mathematics for, a system of old-age pensions. He will reform the taxation system to have a progressive income-tax. He just beat Prime Minister Pitt in putting forward a scheme for an income

\* J. M. Cameron's talk on Edward Burke, in this series, appeared in THE LISTENER of December 17



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tax; Paine's tax had rates increased for higher incomes as Pitt's had not. He looks forward to the emancipation of women along with the betterment of men.

It is an interesting programme. It is one to inspire poor, struggling men crushed by the weight of convention and hardship. But it is much too ambitious a programme to be based simply upon a demand that hereditary rank be abolished and replaced by representative government, with each man having a vote and none having more than one.

For some thirty or forty years Tom Paine was a bogey man for all respectable people. He was outlawed in England, his books were prohibited, he was imprisoned by the French. And on his return to America he was boycotted by most of his chosen nation, whose society he continued to extol as an example to the rest of the world. Some part of this unpopularity he owed to the book, *The Age of Reason*, which he wrote in prison and which by its attack upon organized Christianity, its unitarianism, frightened many of his old supporters.

But though he was shunned and lonely, Paine remained a potent force. The Spitalfield silk weavers in the eighteen-forties

are said by an official survey to have spent their Sundays sipping porter and reading Tom Paine instead of going to church. He remained in the revolutionary library of favourite books because he says so clearly—with surprise that anyone should doubt it—that we are all equal, that wealth and position cannot obscure our political equality: there is no mystique in government: 'That which the whole nation chooses to do, it has a right to do. I am contending for the right of the living and against their being willed away by the manuscript-assumed authority of the dead'.

This has a dangerous sound to all of us, for we have seen whole nations choose to do things which it was not right to do. We know that nations and men are more passionate than Paine realized. Yet even when we condemn the over-simplification, we may, I think, derive benefit from Paine. He reminds us of the fundamental democratic faith that men have equal moral rights in democracy as in the sight of God. He will always appeal to one element in English society—and in societies inspired by England—to that no-nonsense, independent, common-sense element of nonconformity from which he sprang and to whom he speaks.

—General Overseas Service

## What is International Law?

(concluded from page 52)

like as not will have been completely unforeseen when the rule was formulated. International law that is not applied by courts is in danger of seeming a mere aspect of the language and argument of diplomacy.

It is true, of course, that international law is increasingly applied by courts of all kinds, and not least by the internal courts of states; for matters of international law frequently arise in domestic courts, and when they do, international law is applied. The Hague Court itself has been kept busy one way and another, and has even in recent years decided some cases of the first importance, such as the Anglo-Norwegian Fisheries Case of 1951. Yet the fact remains that the Court has relatively little compulsory jurisdiction; compulsory, that is to say, in the sense that one state may take another to the court whether the latter be willing to go or not. There is, of course, the so-called 'optional clause' of the Court's Statute by which states may accept a measure of compulsory jurisdiction on a basis of reciprocity; but the coverage of such acceptances has in fact suffered a marked and persistent decline during precisely this recent period which has seen such great strides made both in the development of the substantive law and in international organization. It is true that there is at the moment reason to hope that the upward curve may have begun. The United Kingdom Government and the French Government have set an example by changing a far-reaching form of reservation which they both attached to their reservations only a short time ago; and there is strong hope that the United States Government may shortly follow their excellent example. But it will still remain true that the majority of states have not accepted compulsory jurisdiction in any form, with or without reservations.

So here again there is a popular fallacy. Many, if not most, people imagine that the weakness of international courts lies in their lack of effective enforcement procedures. This is not so. The true weakness is in many ways more serious. It lies in their lack of compulsory jurisdiction. Of the several hundred awards or adjudications by various tribunals handed down in the last century or so, the number that have not been respected by the losing party can be counted on the fingers of one hand with something to spare. For that matter, it is important to remember that the internal courts of states not infrequently have run into heavy weather in dealing with really big issues. I suppose there can be no court in the world with more real power than the United States Supreme Court. But more than once that court has been openly and directly defied; and one instance of that is recent, as we may all recollect.

No: the real weakness of international tribunals lies not in their lack of executive power but in their lack of jurisdiction. It is important that this position be remedied, somehow or other,

because compulsory jurisdiction in the long run—maybe even in the short run—is a necessary concomitant of the abolition of lawful forcible self-help. If the law forbids me to assail my adversary, I do at any rate expect that it enables me to hale him before the judge. A position in which force is forbidden but justice is voluntary is asking too much of human nature.

This is not to suggest that all international disputes should or could be settled by courts of justice. Even within a mature system of domestic law, most people hope to manage to keep out of the courts, and we recognize, too, that some disputes lie too deep to be settled by court actions; indeed, we recognize even within the state that some parties to disputes may be so powerful or influential that the existing law has to be changed to suit their contentions, rather than applied by a court. We must not, therefore, expect things to be very different in international society. The judicial function has strict limitations of usefulness. Yet it remains true that in a developed society it will always be available at the suit of one party to a dispute; and this is certainly no less true in the international sphere. It is a pity that so many governments are still apparently so touchy about the possibility of being made defendants before an international court. They could learn much from the big corporations which regard litigation and even the losing of cases as matters of ordinary routine.

There is much more to be said, but perhaps I said enough to show that international law is neither a sham nor yet a panacea; enough to give pause to what Brierly called 'criticisms of the past which are often unfair, and demands for the future which are often unrealizable'. Today, at any rate, international law is developing, perhaps as never before. It certainly cannot alone bring about the kind of international society we all would like to see; yet neither can that society be brought about without the assistance of a developing international law. It is therefore an exciting subject that lies at the core of some of the most urgent problems of our time. It is worth finding out about and thinking about.

This is not easy to do, for the stock of political ideas that we inherit takes little or no account of international law or of the problems it exists to solve. I end as I began with what seems to me an important observation of Brierly on this very point, when he spoke of 'the curious fact that the writers who have formed our modern thought on the nature of the state have almost entirely neglected to include the international aspect of the state among the data from which they have drawn their conclusions'. And again: 'The dead hand of Hobbes is still heavy upon us. This is the nemesis of the neglect by generations of political scientists to take account of a fact which ought to be the starting-point of any really scientific study, the simple fact of the plurality of states'.—*Third Programme*



# Popularizing Science on Television

SIR LAWRENCE BRAGG considers lessons of his broadcasts from the Royal Institution

*Sir Lawrence Bragg at our request contributes his personal views on popular scientific broadcasting*

**T**O give a popular scientific broadcast which is of general interest to the wide audience listening to radio or looking at television is no easy task. I like to recall an incident that happened to my wife at her hairdresser's. How the conversation turned to scientific broadcasts I do not know, but the young lady who was attending to her said 'I never switch on my set at such-and-such a time, it is only some old professor explaining how to make fossils'.

Yet I feel it is infinitely worth while trying to perform this task effectively. I realize that some scientists rather look askance at the colleague who gives popular talks, feeling that he is in some way letting science down.

I think this feeling arises because one cannot analyse, justify, or qualify in a dispassionate way as in a talk before a learned society. To catch people's attention and interest them, one must, let it be said frankly, dramatize things somewhat, and this some scientists feel to be distasteful. But I can feel no sympathy with this view. The same people are often the first to complain that the man in the street does not know enough about science or understand what it is doing.

The B.B.C. has been collaborating with the Royal Institution in giving from its theatre a series of six television broadcasts on 'The Nature of Things', and in this article I shall discuss the problems of presenting science in a popular form, not merely to an audience in the theatre but to the wider audience which 'looks in'. The giving of talks to non-scientists has been one of the main functions of the Institution since its foundation 160 years ago, but they have always been to the members and their friends, to students attending special courses, to young people at Christmas, or more recently to boys and girls from schools. It was a new venture to plan a series of demonstrations in the theatre which would be seen all over the country, a venture which presented new and extremely interesting problems. I have given science broadcasts from the studio, and of course listened to many, but the organizing of this series in one's own theatre brought these problems home more vividly, and these are my impressions.

What should we aim at in planning such talks, intended for the average listener with no special scientific training? It would not be fair, I think, to rate a broadcast as a failure because it has not interested all young ladies in hairdressers. One cannot hope to please everyone. The speaker can assume that among the general public there is a large proportion of potential listeners to whose imagination and interest he can appeal successfully if he does his job properly. There are others whom he cannot hope to interest, just as there are people to whom music or art or literature make no appeal; their minds simply do not work that way. He can address himself to the people, and I think

they are in the majority, who do get a thrill from understanding how things work, and who are not just passive listeners but are willing to make an effort.

What he has no right to assume is a general background knowledge of science on the part of his listeners greater than they actually possess. If his talk is 'above their heads' it is definitely the fault of his presentation, not of their comprehension. It is my belief that many science talks are not just rather too difficult, but, as a scientist would say, too difficult by orders of

magnitude. They are almost meaningless to the average listener because he never gets started in understanding them. The speaker has assumed a background of knowledge which the man in the street has not got. I recall an analysis of the impression made by a broadcast given by a well-known scientist, who was accounted a good lecturer in scientific circles. Representative bodies, of just the types of intelligent people one would like to reach with a popular talk, were asked to give their accounts of what had been said. The result of the survey was appalling. It was clear that the speaker had almost completely failed to convey any message at all. It is the speaker's task, then, to put himself in the place of the average listener, and so to



Sir Lawrence Bragg giving a demonstration at the Royal Institution on the pressure of gas, using plastic beads to represent molecules: from one of the six television programmes 'The Nature of Things'

plan his talk that it only uses a language and requires a background which he and his listener have in common.

What is a popular lecture to be about? Scientific talks can be classified under three headings, though the border-lines between them are somewhat indefinite.

First, 'The Achievements of Modern Science'. These talks are in general a description of something man could not do before but can now do, owing to the advance of science. It may be moon-rockets, nuclear power stations, a new wonder-drug, or better means of travel or communication. Such achievements are of wide general interest. They have a topical appeal because they may directly affect our everyday lives. It is not easy, however, to explain the scientific principles they involve, because these are generally so complicated. A great technical achievement is made possible by a large number of scientific discoveries, made at many times and places; it is rarely that any one new achievement can be directly attributed to one new scientific discovery. To sum up, 'The Achievements of Modern Science' are suitable subjects for a broadcast, because people are naturally interested in a description of them. But if the aim is to give the man in the street some idea of what science is, and to convey the thrill of understanding its explanations, such talks in general do not provide a good opportunity.

Secondly, 'Recent Advances in Pure Science'. News gets round that here and there, in some laboratory, a researcher is doing work of fundamental importance on the frontiers of science which may lead to great things. Can it be 'explained' to 'the man in the street' what he is trying to do? Here the answer, it seems to me, is definitely 'No, it can't', except on the most broad



and general lines. Any real explanation involves using technical language. The employment of a technical word when an every-day word would suffice to make the meaning clear is indefensible. But technical words have to be used by the scientist if only for the sake of brevity. Each of them is a portmanteau word, representing a host of associated ideas and a complex train of logical reasoning familiar to his colleagues. To unwind his chain and go back to basic principles each time he tries to explain his research would make his exposition intolerably long.

Further, such pioneer investigations on the scientific frontiers are far removed from any kind of every-day experience, and also far removed at this early stage from any practical application, which is generally the first thing the man in the street wants to know about them. Looking back, one can see how the great scientific discoveries of the past have been turned to practical use, but it is almost impossible to look into the future and guess how the discoveries now being made are going to be used, because applications turn up in such extremely unexpected ways. The discoveries are filed in a general fund of knowledge, on which the technologist draws when planning his achievements.

In this case also I do not think we have good material for a popular talk on science. An opportunity for the public to have a glimpse of the great man and get some hint of his personality and catch his enthusiasm is all to the good. But an attempt to explain what he is doing is rather

a forlorn hope. The talks that are right 'above people's heads', which I think can have a bad effect because they make the listener feel that science is something much too hard to understand, have generally been attempts to explain some recent advance in pure science.

Thirdly, 'The Science of Everyday Things'. This, I feel, offers the real opportunity to interest the typical listener in scientific explanation. We all use many new materials, and many new mechanical or electrical devices, which have been made possible by the advance of scientific knowledge. Most people like to know how things work and get pleasure from a clear explanation. Common experience of natural events also offers suitable material, and the listener with an inquiring mind can enjoy an explanation which orders his experiences and makes it easier for him to see how they are related. To raise such an interest is to arouse the real scientific spirit of inquiry, which is the aim in trying to stimulate a general interest in science by popular talks.

The important thing here is that we are building on an existing foundation of knowledge and experience. It is naturally difficult to interest the man in the street in the elegant solution of a scientific problem when nothing in his experience suggests that the problem exists. But here we start on common ground. It is rather like extending a survey by triangulation into new country; one must tie the points in the unmapped area to fixed points already established. If one starts a talk by referring to what every-

one knows as a matter of common experience and then goes on to show why things behave as they do, one really can give the average listener some idea of what science is and what can achieve.

This was the aim in planning the recent series of television broadcasts from the Royal Institution on 'The Nature of Things'. I have been encouraged by the response. As is natural at an appearance on a television screen, one is recognized and spoken to by many strangers, people in shops, taxi drivers, dining-car attendants, neighbours, often the parents of the young people who come to science lectures. In particular, to hear the mothers say 'I really feel I understood those talks, they gave me an idea of the science our children do at school' has been very heartening. There is a little that was novel in the demonstration, though we tried to make them graphic and to gain greatly from the clever way in which B.B.C. experts took their shots. They had a common feature in that they were related to something which was familiar in everyday life. The experience of these talks has strengthened my conviction that this kind of popular science offers the best opportunity for spreading general knowledge of science. I have also been greatly impressed with the advantage of television as compared with the sound broadcast. The illustration of a point by means of an experiment can be made so much more telling than a mere description.

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### The Future of Man

Sir,—So many interesting points were raised by your correspondents in THE LISTENER of January 7 that I cannot comment on them all.

Dr. Letch sees it as one possible danger of our non-genetic system of heredity that man might be destroyed by his own machines—for example, by the misuse of discoveries in atomic physics. The danger is more than merely theoretical: human beings are constantly killing each other with their machines. But whose fault is that? If a scientist of the type that used to be impersonated by Mr. Boris Karloff were to make a robot which killed him, then the coroner's verdict must surely be suicide; and what goes for one man goes for mankind in general. For to construct a machine is also to instruct it; and even if we made a machine with an element of randomness in its behaviour—a machine that, much to our surprise, might kill us—the blame must still, I think, lie upon us for having designed a machine of unpredictable behaviour.

Dr. Letch makes a very good point when he implies that, as a result of advances in medicine, intellectual and physical growth are getting out of gear. In advanced countries the average rate of attainment of physical maturity has been increasing rapidly, but the time-scale of primary, secondary, and university education is still adjusted to an older and slower tempo of physical development. The difficulties so raised (and I do not merely mean the difficulty of find-

ing enough treble voices for the school choir) are too complex to be discussed here, but I see no reason to believe that they are insoluble.

I do not know what weight Paley's arguments carry nowadays with theologians; very little, I have always hoped; and it is therefore most reassuring that Dr. Bouquet, as a distinguished theologian, should find the argument of the sixth Reith Lecture both liberating and challenging. 'Humanism' is too vague a word to justify my questioning Dr. Bouquet's statement that 'humanism, as such, dodges the issue'. I am all for humanism as an empirical code of conduct; but I should feel just as uneasy as Dr. Bouquet in treating it as a body of principles which professed to provide an *a priori* justification for that conduct.

Mr. Eaton's remarks go to the root of our troubles over the assessment of intelligence, but he has misunderstood me when he detects my having implied that anyone can measure 'inborn intelligence', for there is no such thing. There is, however, an inborn or genetic contribution to the variation of intellectual performance from one individual to another, and we can at least attempt to measure the magnitude of that contribution. The principles underlying this exercise are unobjectionable, but they are extremely difficult to apply, mainly because the genetic contribution to variation of intelligence is itself a variable quantity. The same goes for inborn variation of height: if we compared the heights

of children brought up on a near-starvation diet the inborn contribution to the difference between their heights would be much less than if the children had been properly fed. 'Inborn intelligence' is an absurd concept, but no more absurd than 'inborn height'; one speaks of inborn or innate intelligence, if at all, only shorthand. But it still remains meaningful to say that there is a certain inborn contribution to differences in intellectual performance between children who have been brought up in different environments, tested in certain specified ways.

Mr. Anderson was unhappy about my 'contemptuous dismissal' of the one or two biologists who (in my own words) 'are still feebly trying to graft a Lamarckian or instructive interpretation upon ordinary genetical evolution', but he wonders whether this judgment should be revised in the light of Professor Waddington's experiments on the phenomenon of genetic assimilation. But I think he has not quite grasped the import of Waddington's experiments, which are among the most illuminating in modern biology: Waddington's experiments do not disclose the Darwinian basis for what might superficially appear to be a Lamarckian style of inheritance. The mechanism envisaged by Waddington is fundamentally an 'elective' one: the environment does not impress its message upon the genetic constitution of individual organisms but creates a *milieu* which favours those constitutions which best mimic the change brought about by the environment.



about by the environment. Waddington's analysis is in the mainstream of analytical Mendelian genetics, and must certainly not be construed as a justification of Lysenkoism.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

P. B. MEDAWAR

Sir,—In his criticisms of Professor Medawar's views on the inheritance of intelligence, Mr. Eaton (THE LISTENER, January 7) seems to have in mind solely the type of 'intelligence test' used in the eleven-plus examination; and he argues, quite rightly, that the marks gained in such tests must be 'strongly weighted by the subject's environment and upbringing'. This Professor Medawar expressly admits (THE LISTENER, December 17); but he maintains that, even so, 'not less than half of the observed variation is an inborn variation'. Mr. Eaton, however, is wrong in supposing that the psychologist's assessments of 'potential brain power' are based on marks so obtained taken just as they stand. In the most thorough investigations of the inheritability of intelligence the estimates are derived from *individual* tests of intelligence in which environmental influences have been reduced to minimum; and the crude marks are checked, and where necessary corrected, by repeated testing, reference to teachers' reports, and other relevant information. The fact that such assessments measure very much more 'the subject's ability to do intelligence tests' is shown by the after-histories of hundreds of pupils, whose careers have been followed up long after they have left school.

If intelligence as thus assessed were the effect solely or chiefly of environment, it would be extremely difficult to explain the paradoxical occurrence of children of exceptionally high ability in homes where the material, cultural, and educational level of the parents would, one might suppose, have condemned them to hopeless failure. But the most conclusive evidence comes from investigations on 'identical' twins who have been reared almost from birth in widely different environments. In assessments for innate intelligence they resemble each other almost as closely as twins reared in the same home; in tests of the eleven-plus type, on the other hand, they may differ almost as much as they do in school attainments.

However, every psychologist and teacher, I imagine, would gladly support Mr. Eaton's suggestion that Professor Medawar should amplify the various arguments, which he has summarized so skillfully and yet so briefly, in a further talk.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

CYRIL BURT

Sir,—I do not think that Professor Medawar, in his letter of December 31, has justified his dragging in the racial laws of South Africa or the Southern United States to illustrate the concept of 'assortative mating'. 'Random mating' is, possibly, a useful statistical concept; but there is no reason to suppose that it describes, even approximately, the fertile unions of human beings in any society at any period. All human mating is assortative: even when social rules do not prescribe marriage partners, people tend to marry those who resemble them in nationality, age, income, education, social class, and locality. Certainly, 'different mating practices have different genetic consequences'; but skin discrimination laws do not seem to me

to be the most desirable of 'familiar, everyday examples' without much more elaboration than Professor Medawar provided.

Yours, etc.,

Haywards Heath

GEOFFREY GORER

### America and European Defence

Sir,—I am sorry that my broadcast on 'America and the Defence of Europe' (printed in THE LISTENER of December 31), by dealing with only one aspect of the problems of Western security, should have led Mr. Haig to suppose that 'military experts' are out of touch with 'common folk'. There is always a regrettable, if inevitable, distance between those who specialize in any subject and those who do not, whether it is in law, medicine, theology or defence; but a glance at the work of such British specialists as Alastair Buchan, P. M. S. Blackett, and Sir Antony Buzzard, or such Americans as Henry Kissinger, Richard Osgood, or James King should show Mr. Haig that the basic questions he raises have been the subject of just as much anguished consideration by defence specialists as they have been by the 'common folk'; possibly, indeed, rather more. Even such 'professional killers' as Lt.-General Sir John Cowley, when they break the silence enjoined on them by their service, show that 'common folk' have no monopoly of common sense.

The belief that 'the common people' constitute a wise, innocent, and homogeneous group, misled only by their rulers, is as old as Rousseau, but age does not make it respectable. The world would be no safer if the last soldier were strangled with the entrails of the last politician. Mr. Haig's views are worthy of attention and respect, but he is a little presumptuous if he thinks that he speaks for the mass of popular opinion either here or—where it matters far more—in the United States. If he did, the task both of the politicians and of the military specialists he abuses would be considerably easier. Meanwhile, the problems which face us are too vast and complicated to be solved by a search for scapegoats. Otherwise, as good a case might be made out against those 'common folk' whose attitude to foreign affairs alternates between optimistic apathy and Chauvinistic passion, and who demand the maximum national prestige and security for the minimum cost in money and services, as against the worried thinkers and public servants whom Mr. Haig prefers to abuse.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

MICHAEL HOWARD

### Challenge in the Theatre?

Sir,—Mr. Irving Wardle wrote in THE LISTENER of January 7: 'A thoroughly safe generalization about the English theatre from the closing down of the Vedrenne-Barker management at the Royal Court in 1907 until the end of the second war is that it produced scarcely any literature of challenge...'

Assuming that Mr. Wardle is qualified to work as a dramatic critic in your columns, the reader may accept this statement only as an example of careless thinking set down to obtain some effect best known to the writer. Bernard Shaw, Somerset Maugham, Galsworthy, Priestley, van Druten, and St. John Ervine are among those who, at the height of their powers, are dismissed from our attention. A list of names is in danger of appearing to share your critic's

near-sightedness, because it will be bound to omit some, who, in their time, chose the theatre as a means of challenge. We are producing plays by the following authors and I add their names: Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Clemence Dane, Noël Coward, Jack Jones, Walter Greenwood and Ronald Gow, Miles Malleson, James Bridie, Allan Monkhouse, and R. C. Sherriff. I will omit Sean O'Casey and Lennox Robinson for, although their work graced the English stage, Dublin bred their gifts. These authors were writing within the period for which Mr. Wardle has little use. He may believe that those of us who were both working in the theatre and experiencing the times that moved these playwrights are too closely involved. If this is the case, let him direct himself to the critical records. He is able to read the opinions of distinguished members of the profession that he would follow, together with Allardyce Nicholl's documentation of the period.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.12

MICHAEL BARRY

Head of Drama, B.B.C. Television

Mr. Wardle writes:

'Mr. Barry's view is scarcely one that would be supported by such a well-documented account of the period as Richard Findlater's *The Unholy Trade*. The playwrights Mr. Barry lists fall into two main groups—those whose best work had been done before the 1914 war; and those of the younger generation who were struggling to escape enslavement to the entertainment industry. They may have chosen the theatre "as a medium of challenge", but how many of them kept it up? What did Walter Greenwood write after *Love on the Dole*; Noël Coward after *Fumed Oak*; Miles Malleson after *The Fanatics*? Few playwrights were able, like J. B. Priestley, to present their work in their own theatres; even Shaw premières were more often found in Malvern, New York, or Warsaw than in the West End. And Somerset Maugham, after his vast commercial successes, withdrew in disgust from the theatre in 1933 simply because (as he records in *The Summing Up*) it did not permit him to speak his mind.

'Finally, does Mr. Barry really believe that the agreeable pieces of van Druten, Ronald Gow, and Clemence Dane stand comparison with the novels and poetry of their contemporaries?'

—EDITOR, THE LISTENER

### Greatest Historian?

Sir,—Mr. Cranston opens his interesting talk (THE LISTENER, January 7) on Macaulay with the statement that he 'could hardly be described as the greatest of English historians'.

Lord Acton (himself, surely a strong candidate for the place of 'greatest') has left it on record that Stubbs, Creighton, Mommsen, and Harnack all agreed that Macaulay was the greatest historian the world has ever seen. It would be interesting to have the names of an appeal tribunal that would feel competent to reverse the verdict of a court consisting of that four. Perhaps Mr. Cranston would be so obliging as to give us their names?

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 3

W. WATKIN DAVIES

[Owing to pressure of space several important and topical letters are unavoidably held over until next week.]



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 6-12

## Wednesday, January 6

Mr. Macmillan has talks with Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, in Accra

It is announced that the Greek and Turkish Foreign Ministers and Archbishop Makarios and Dr. Kutchuk are to come to London next week for talks on Cyprus

The West German Cabinet decides to urge parliament to pass as quickly as possible a Bill against those inciting national, racial, or religious hatred

## Thursday, January 7

Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, says that his country is ready to give up her sovereignty to a union of independent African states

## Friday, January 8

Israel sends Notes to Britain and several other countries saying that her people were 'profoundly shocked' at the recent outbreaks of anti-semitism

The Governor of Nyasaland, Sir Robert Armitage, says that it is not yet time to end the state of emergency in the protectorate

55,000 Civil Servants to have increases in salary

## Saturday, January 9

President Nasser ceremoniously opens work on the Aswan High Dam in Egypt

It is announced that the Prime Minister will visit Italy in March

The German Protestant leader, Bishop Dibelius, sends a message to Israel apologizing for anti-Jewish incidents and offers a gift of about £8,000 to help needy Israel immigrants

## Sunday, January 10

Mr. Macmillan has talks with the Prime Minister of Ghana about the financing of the Volta River project

Snow makes many roads dangerous for traffic in south-east England

## Monday, January 11

It is announced that Vickers, English Electric, and the Bristol Aeroplane Company are to amalgamate their aircraft and guided-weapons companies

Sir Brian Robertson, Chairman of the British Transport Commission, says that as soon as the independent committee on railwaymen's wages makes its report in April, the Commission will be ready to discuss an interim increase

## Tuesday, January 12

State of emergency ends in Kenya

The Minister of Aviation, Mr. Sandys, says that more help may be given to civil aviation in Britain

Death of Nevil Shute, the novelist



Mr. Harold Macmillan photographed on his arrival in Accra on January 6 with Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of Ghana. On January 11 Mr. Macmillan flew to Lagos to start his tour of Nigeria



A torchlight procession on the Aswan High Dam in Egypt

Right: price of oil fell a week after the Aswan Dam opened



A London Transport Green Line coach in difficulties last weekend on an icy road near Sevenoaks, Kent. The first snow of the winter fell then in many parts of south-east England



Mr. E. M. S. Swamy, the Indian Minister in London, at work at the Foreign Office

Right: Churchill has been bought the shores of the Indian Ocean





West Berlin on January 8 by protest against recent demon-  
y marched to the Steinplatz  
to the victims of Nazism

engrocer's shop in Paris last  
c (worth 100 of the old type)  
effective



graphed with Mr. Mukul Dey,  
an exhibition of the latter's  
stitute, London, on January 8

Fowey, Cornwall, which has  
st; its 200 acres run down to  
Trust has also bought Poni  
which adjoins



President Eisenhower delivering to a joint session of Con-  
gress his last annual message on the State of the Union on  
January 7. Behind him is Mr. Richard Nixon, the Vice-  
President



A young African girl wearing a skirt with a map  
on it during celebrations in Douala on January 1  
when the French Cameroons became the independent  
state of Kamerun



A model of a traction engine which last week  
won a championship cup for its maker (Mr. E. V.  
Harrison of West Kirby, Cheshire) at the Model  
Engineer Exhibition at Westminster





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## Travel Books

# Guide Books—and What They Leave Out

R. FURNEAUX JORDAN on recent publications about Britain

THE truthful guide-book will never be written. It would be unreadable and unbearable. Just think: 'on the left, as you leave the town, is Jones's Garage and Coffee Bar, on the right the 1936 Tudor house and the 1948 transformer station . . .' and on and so on for all this island. *That* guide-book will never be written. But need we be so busy about ourselves? Need so many writers have as if they were some species of salaried R.O.s for Britain? We must accept—though heaven knows why we should—the fact that an organization whose job it is to get Americans here for the sake of hoteliers, should lie: the locked gaffer, Welshwomen's tall hats, rural attitudes in Middlesex, eternal guardsmen ('you can see every day in Britain the pageantry you saw on TV at the Coronation') and all the rest. That's all right. That's how soap and cars are sold. We know every move in the game, and if we don't, well, 'a fool and his money soon parted', which is the basis of advertising—almost a definition—but not of guide-books.

Guide-books are not advertising. They are for entertainment and, above all, for use. They are intended to guide. They need not lead us to the errors. They may even warn us off, but above all they should record. They should not pretend to the big realities, the dominants of modern life, are just not there at all. Their whole world is false. And need they be so beastly bland? The greatest monument in Yorkshire, for instance, is not York Minster, nor even Wentworth Woodhouse, but the power station at Ferry Bridge. Yorkshire does *not* consist wholly of medieval churches and great country seats, nor even of ancient crafts and black dramatic pitheads. Nor

any one here being accused, is it quite, of saying that it is. Not quite, but very nearly. It is high time that the guide-book, meant to guide, should quietly point out that bang up the middle of Yorkshire, one hundred miles wide, is a streak of hell. It is more commonly known as the A1. In the eighteenth century the authors of guide-books frequently described it, and it then had its splendours as well as its miseries. It was commonly known as the Great North Road. It still deserves a mention, for up and down that streak of hell, day and night, pours the life-blood of our 'prosperous' society—the expense-account cars, the refrigerated lollipop vans, the cheap furniture, and all that. Yes, I know, the coaching inns are still there—for how else could you get your gin and tonic? Yet that streak up the



York Minster from the air

From 'The Wonders of Yorkshire'

length of England is something about which no modern guide-book dare tell the truth. It is all miseries and no splendours. But, also, that is our life.

Now here is a book about the Lake District, *English Lakeland*, by Dudley Hoys (Batsford, 16s.)—and a very pretty book too. If this age can do nothing else it can take coloured photo-

graphs, and here they are in all their untruthful glory. They are backed by a few little essays on such things as 'Beginnings' (primeval rocks and Jacobites), on 'Nature's Retinue', 'Sport' and 'Folk of Yesterday'. Then come 'Folk of Today'. In reality they do the pools and watch the telly and fleece the tourists and never dream of calling themselves 'folk': but in guide-

books such truth is taboo. 'Folk' still clip—or is it slur?—their vowels and are interesting only in so far as they are *not* of today. This is quite unhistorical; the real past was never at any time interested in being anything but the present. Of the twenty-four coloured pictures, eighteen have been juggled by the photographer so that not one human being is in sight: 'the great solitudes of the Fells'. Now I know that it is a very long time since Dorothy Wordsworth found moonlit raindrops in silent woods. Nor do I hate my fellow men. But everyone should know that from Easter to Michaelmas half Manchester, on foot or on bicycles or in long lines of coaches, seems to descend upon those Fells. Solitude is a fact, it is also a quality of landscape. One may like it or dislike it. One has a right not to



Llynfnant Valley, near Machynlleth

From 'West of Offa's Dyke'



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misinformed about it. The accessibility of National Parks' to urban conurbations is a most desirable thing. It is also, for good or ill, an important fact. We should be told about it, and we are not.

Now here, in all its pedestrian charm, is a little book on North Wales. It is by Maxwell Fraser, and is called *West of Offa's Dyke* (Robert Hale, 18s.). It would be. Naturally I am very glad to know that Dr. Jones, a descendant of a family of bone letters, was born at Rhyl in 1859, and that Miss Llwyd, an antiquary, was also born there, but in 1779. I am glad also to know that Rhyl has 'continued to grow in size, prosperity and range of amenities ever since'. The only citizen of Rhyl I ever knew commuted daily, and perhaps wisely, to Liverpool. The range of amenities now—but only incidentally of course—includes at the back of the foreshore, away to Prestatyn on the east and to Colwyn Bay on the west, wheel and axle, fifteen miles of caravans. An excellent and a healthy thing—transcending in importance even the birth of Miss Llwyd. But we are not told about it. Why?

By contrast with all these phoney amenities we also have the 'Country Life' Picture Book of London, by Gunther Frederick Allen (25s.). Fifty-two coloured pictures, with all the foreseeable cliché-ridden captions. Now from 1940 to 1945 London—so it is said—was intermittently but heavily bombed. Rebuilding has been going on for over ten years, on a scale unparalleled in history. Here, in this book, is of course the Festival Hall; otherwise no building less than twenty-three years old. True, the rebuilding of the City of London is a disastrous chapter in the history of architecture; but it is also—is it not?—a colossal act. Here it is not so much missed as deliberately avoided. In real life, as the tourist will rapidly discover, that is not possible. There are some things even a good guide-book cannot hide.

The following have also been published recently: *Wonders of Yorkshire*, by Marie Hartley and Joan Gilby (Dent, 30s.); *Yorkshire: the West Riding*, by Nikolaus Pevsner (Penguin, 10s. 6d.); *Cambridge and its Colleges*, by Edmund Vale (Methuen, 15s.); *Wooland Past and Present*, by J. M. Reid (Oxford, 6d.).

## Charms of Ireland

NEW PROSPECTS of lunar travel, a freakish summer, gallivantings of Top People in world politics, floods, disasters, any number of things went to make 1959 a year of note; and by no means least among them was the scarcity of new books on Ireland. This strange fact, monstrous as a twin-headed birth or a crimson sun, throws the stranger when we bethink us of the Irishmen we know who for fifteen years or so have been engaged in writing one. It augurs, too, a famine among the booksellers, for when it comes to buying books, as distinct from borrowing or stealing them, the Irish conservatively stick to those about themselves. The cause of the dearth I cannot imagine; but as a result, my remarks will be of a general nature.

With the season of peace and goodwill still fresh in memory, I shall depart from custom and try to communicate something of Ireland's attractiveness. There can be no doubt that many who live here do not sufficiently count their blessings. 'Fair play for us!' a Dubliner once exclaimed, having just concluded a diatribe against the loutishness, smugness, obscurantism,

away elsewhere in wondering if A speaks the truth, if B will keep his word or if C may be trusted! Here the question never even arises, and our minds are left unencumbered for better things. And the charming lack of moral prejudice at home is more than offset by the elevated opinions regarding the world outside. If power without responsibility was the privilege of a

certain newspaper, as Lord Baldwin said, virtuous indignation without either is the luxury of the Gael.

For the true-black Firbolg, as distinct from the alien sojourner, Ireland has an advantage that has escaped all but the keenest Irish minds. The antipathy felt by the members of this race for each other is well known, and where else in the whole world will they meet so few? In the bars of San Francisco or the caves of the Vatican, the hurly-burly of the Sahara or the deep, deep peace of Whitehall, no Irishman can really feel safe: one of the most grisly recollections of wartime London that I have is of a Cork housewife wasting blarney on a fishmonger from Clare; but here, on his own doorstep, Gael can wander for hours in some of the loveliest country in the world and never sight Gael. And the papers moan about emigration! People never know when they are well off.

For the alien sojourner, too, there is the beautiful, shadowy, and deserted land, a peace hard to find in our era, a silence that, as someone accurately put it, comes from a long way away. And as a rule the alien sojourner does not join in the Gaelic dislike of Gael; indeed, the more outrageous the rascal is the more he feels secretly and mysteriously drawn to him. Some people see in this the law of attractive opposites, but I believe it is pure nostalgia. On the whole and for better

or worse, twentieth-century Man is committed to work, rectitude, hygiene, policemen, taxes, and so on; but deep inside him, imprisoned like Béraud's thin man in the fat, crouches a vestigial Neanderthaler, the shade of an *Urmensch*, and this poor creature it is who so mournfully and timidly blows his kisses at the luckier fellow at large.

HONOR TRACY

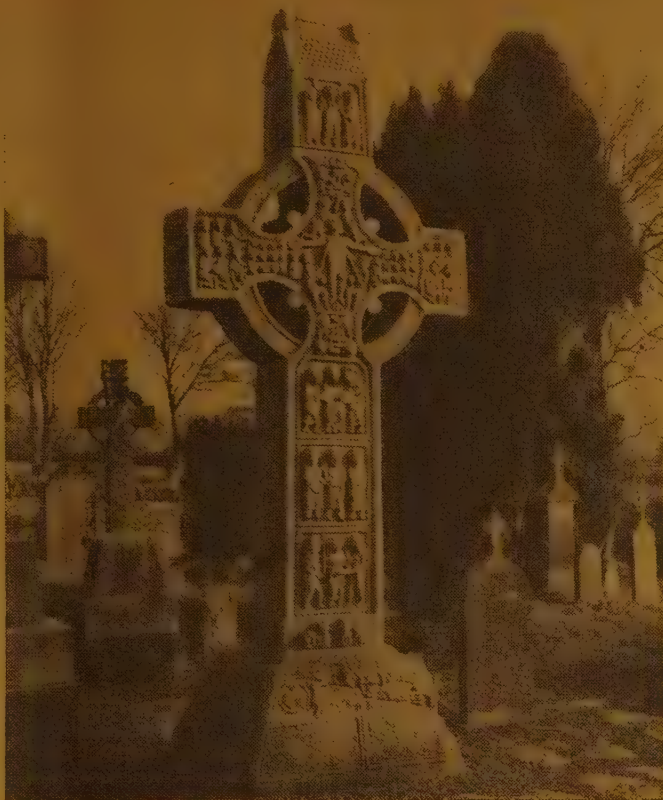
Intending visitors to Ireland will be interested in *A Book of Ireland*, edited by Frank O'Connor (Collins, 8s. 6d.).

## Mirror of Spain

MORE THAN A MILLION British holiday-makers will visit Spain this year, breaking the sedentary habits of generations to go bumping across the well-policed frontiers to enjoy a short interlude of purification and boredom.

It is not, I believe, the cheap peseta alone that will draw them there. They will go to a country where they can re-examine their souls as well as their spending powers; they will know bad weather and loathsome food, thin wines, delay and muddle; but they will each return somewhat misty-eyed, having experienced every nuance of homesickness.

For the British in Spain savour curious affinities: here again is another island; a people



Louth: Muiredach's Cross, Monasterboice

From 'A Book of Ireland'

hypocrisy, venom, paranoia and addiction to histrionics of his fellow countrymen, 'after all, where else in Western Europe can you have your friends and see them as you like, without ever being so much as introduced to their wives?' Where indeed? but this is just the kind of little amenity we are all too prone to take for granted, and bearing in mind what we undergo from the miscegenations of chums in other, more ceremonious lands, who shall refuse to concede him the point?

The burdens of social life are eased in more ways than one. If invitations are unwelcome, we need not rack our brains for a plausible tale or make the hideous effort of remembering afterwards what it was. We accept with gratitude and delight, and fail to appear; and, when next we encounter the host, look him in the eye with the frank, fearless gaze shared alike by perfect innocence and total corruption. If we do go into company, there is none of that anxious scrutiny of intelligent weeklies beforehand to help us form and maintain an original, arresting view of contemporary matters. We agree effusively with all that is said to us, or disagree with violence, or it may be both, either simultaneously or at different points of the evening.

So often we find that what might appear to be defects in Irish character are as beneficial, where ourselves are concerned, as qualities would be. Only consider, for example, the time frittered



intolerant yet amused by strangers; passion and puritanism hand in hand; anarchy, traditionalism and the concept of the 'gentleman', and a shared regret for departed grandeurs.

There may be—there are—quite a number of reasons for our present cult of Spain. The fashion editors say Spain is Out; the holiday-makers still pour in. And I see the main reason to be one of mirrors, a hunger for the reflected past, by which the British visitor, standing apart, can view, enjoy, and still recognize, certain national characteristics he himself has lost.

For in Spain we see what we once were—before our character and culture were tidied. We can stare at conditions and ways of living which were once not so very different from our own, can measure our progress with some complacency, understand yet condemn the squalor, and exclaim with outrage at the cruelty and dirt whilst feeling a voluptuous nostalgia for it.

I think it is this harmony of instinct, together with the sense of neighbourly slumming, which endows us, when in Spain, with such superior pleasure, and which sets us to rhapsodizing and moralizing about it. I have just been reading four recent books\*, all written by visitors from these islands. They seem to prove that it is well-nigh impossible to write badly or dully on the subject. They are devout, enthralled and sincere. But they all express that curious madness which is part of the Spanish obsession—a childlike eagerness to feel one with the people together with a kindly almost spinsterish patronage.

Be that as it may, these four books, in their separate ways, remind us what Spain still is. A police-state certainly, but not a country cowed; a people with little physical freedom yet preserving an almost Elizabethan liberty of speech; an 'arid square' where sun, earth, and natural substances still make up the main furnishings of life; and one of the last places in the West which still chooses to reject the world of labour-saving and pensioned-off women.

These books also serve to remind us, through the people they describe, of a condition we all of us enjoyed before advertising and the chain-store made disinfected monkeys out of us. A condition in which it was possible to be easy yet poor, to sit quietly in a half-bare room just talking to one another, where no television blinked, and women's tongues were the newspapers, and the men looked like men though in unpressed trousers and could go without shaving and still gain in dignity and whose caps grew snug on their bristly heads like venerable crusts of nature.

This is surely what haunts and draws us to Spain. Not the country, but what the name breaks down to. For Spain is no nation but a depository of individuals, a series of furrows between mountains where the wild human herb still grows, each possessing its separate sharpness, narcotic or healing virtue—which we have need of, ere the weed-killer gets us.

LAURIE LEE

\* *The Quest for Quixote*, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Secker and Warburg, 18s.); *Spanish Mercy*, by Arland Ussher (Gollancz, 18s.); *Barcelona with Love*, by Clifford King (Allen and Unwin, 18s.); *Wines and Castles of Spain*, by T. A. Layton (Michael Joseph, 21s.). Visitors to Spain, Portugal and Madeira will also be interested in *Your Guide to the Costa Brava*, by Douglas Clyne (Alvin Redman, 15s.); *The Individuality of Portugal*, by Dan Stanislawski (Nelson, 30s.); *Madeira: Pearl of the Atlantic*, by Robin Bryans (Robert Hale, 18s.).

## The Wunderland

GERMANY TODAY is the land of the *Wirtschaftswunder*, the economic miracle in which all the energies and talents of a great and gifted people are devoted to making money; the result is both fascinating and repellent, and not likely to attract any visitor who travels in search of pleasure. Indeed, the very idea of pleasure seems to be incompatible with the kind of miracle

which has taken place in Germany; the material benefits are certainly very great but pleasure is after all a thing of the spirit, and there is no much room for the spirit in Germany today. Unless, of course, being frustrated and starved it takes the distorted and perverted forms which express themselves by inscribing *Juden 'Raus'* on the walls of synagogues. But this is not the kind of thing one wants to mention in travel books.

When I was in Germany last month a friend took me, rather against my will, to a night club in Cologne; he insisted that I would not understand what had taken place in Germany unless I saw how the Germans take their pleasure. And there indeed the *Wirtschaftswunderkinder* were at play, earnest men in spectacles looking older than their age, discussing prices and profits and the relative merits of *Volkswagen*, *Opel*, and *Mercedes-Benz*, while dazed and spirited ladies strip-teased before their money-crazed unseeing eyes to the music of a string band playing a special German kind of jazz that is as different from jazz as *Secht* is from champagne.

One says Germany and Germans, but immediately one has to correct oneself and say 'West Germany' and 'West Germans', for Germany today has ceased to be even a geographical expression. There are at least three Germanys; there is the German Federal Republic, there is the German Democratic Republic, and there is Berlin which belongs to both and to neither and exists in a special constructed, rather delightful nightmare of its own. And if the word Germany has ceased to have a geographical meaning, it has also ceased to have an historical meaning also; for Germans have no past which they can remember, either because the shame of it is intolerable or perhaps because the country which produced Beethoven, Kant, and Hölderlin, and also Frederick the Great, has been totally obliterated by the successive transformation scenes of National Socialism, war, defeat and the *Wirtschaftswunder*. So much so that one cannot help thinking that one day *Wirtschaftswunderland* will itself disappear before one's eyes; and then one wonders what will take its place.

Visiting Germany today is therefore a slightly uncanny experience; everywhere one sees the ghosts of things that have passed into nothingness, terrorized, tortured and bombed out of existence, but even then these ghosts seem to have a greater reality and permanence than those who live in the peculiar vacuum created when the free spirit of economics operates unhindered and untempered by art or history or anything that cannot be counted in marks. One can visit Germany's magnificent historical monuments; one will not find a trace of the spirit which created them, and it is almost impossible to believe that the language one hears in the streets was the language of Kleist or Nietzsche or Rilke. It is improbable, in spite of Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, that Germany, armed or unarmed, divided or reunited, will ever again be a danger to the peace of the world, though Germans will always be a danger to themselves; but one cannot walk through a German city without feeling a slight shiver at the kind of two-headed monster which has grown out of the ruins of her past. Hitler did more than ruin Germany; he debased and destroyed her spirit, and no miracle, or certainly not a purely economic one alone, can bring it to life again.



The ancient anchor and Riba of Sa Tuna

From 'Your Guide to the Costa Brava'



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Anyone who undertakes to write a travel book about such a country will find it difficult both to tell the truth and make it attractive to the visitor. One cannot say that Mr. Joseph Rovin, in his recent book *Germany*, has succeeded in this impossible task, but he provides anyone who proposes to visit the country with a large amount of indispensable information, and both he and the publishers are to be congratulated on the remarkably well-selected photographs with which the book is illustrated. The publishers say that Vista books (Hulton Press, 6s.), of which *Germany* is one of the first four to appear, are designed for 'the discriminating visitor or the armchair traveller'. Anyone who really looks at and reflects on the photographs in this volume will either stick to his armchair or immediately take a plane to the South of France.

GORONWY REES

## Greece and Turkey

SINCE THE ENLIGHTENED DAYS of the eighteenth century nearly every educated Briton has hoped sometime in his life to visit Greece and Turkey; and most of those who have achieved this ambition have hastened to write about it afterwards. Of recent years both these countries have become increasingly fashionable among travellers. It is not long since Rose Macaulay complained of everyone writing 'Turkey books' and then wrote one of the best herself. Now the older and more enduring fashion for Greece seems to be overtaking once more the fashion for Turkey. 'Greece books' are in the ascendant.

Both fashions are admirable; and if the returning visitor writes a book in the belief that his experiences and perceptions were unique there is no harm in that; indeed, it may do good if it encourages more journeys to those delectable countries, to the benefit both of the traveller and of Greek and Turkish finances. Both countries contain scenery whose magnificence and variety are unmatched. Both are rich in ancient sites, in romantic ruins, in splendid buildings that still defy time. In both countries one is conscious of the long march of the centuries since the beginnings of recorded history; and in both, despite the vigour of the present, there are constant nostalgic memories of glories that are gone. In both, too, when you journey away from the noisy cities, the peasantry is warm-hearted, generous, and hospitable.

They share also certain disadvantages. To see them properly you must go into the countryside. But that requires of you some disdain for creature comforts. The great cities cater for the sybarite. There are means for locomotion. Both countries run enterprising if sometimes alarming air-lines.



The Cloister-garth, Patmos

From 'The Sea of Icarus'

The trains jog along with fair regularity, the roads (God bless the Americans) are greatly improved. But the accommodation at the end of the journey is often depressing, even in this era of D.D.T. And, if you travel, as you should, by bus or by some small steamer, you must

abandon any hope of planning your time-table neatly ahead.

The two countries complement and contrast with each other. In Turkey, except in the central plateau, you can never for long forget the Greeks. In Greece more memories of the Ottoman

man past linger on than most. Greeks like to admit. The two peoples are very different: the Greeks lively and quick, full of curiosity and of laughter, and sometimes a little too volatile; the Turks slower and less smiling—the humour is plentiful but sardonic—suspicious of strangers but superbly loyal to friends. Both share a personal pride which you offend at your peril, and both can appreciate intuitively the visitor's character. It must be confessed that life is easier for the traveller in Greece. The Turkish petty official has a genius for obstruction. His favourite word is the negative 'yok'; and the wise visitor puts all requests in the negative form in the hope that official contrariness will hasten them to grant them. There is nothing in Turkey to correspond with the amiable tourist police of Greece on whose helpfulness it is safe to rely. The Turk, for all his hospitality, is not a good hotelier; though he wins over the Greek when it comes to cooking. New hotels are being built in Turkey, as in Greece; but they age quickly, whereas there are now hostels in Greece, even in unlikely places, which are admirable. In Turkey stay, if you can, in one

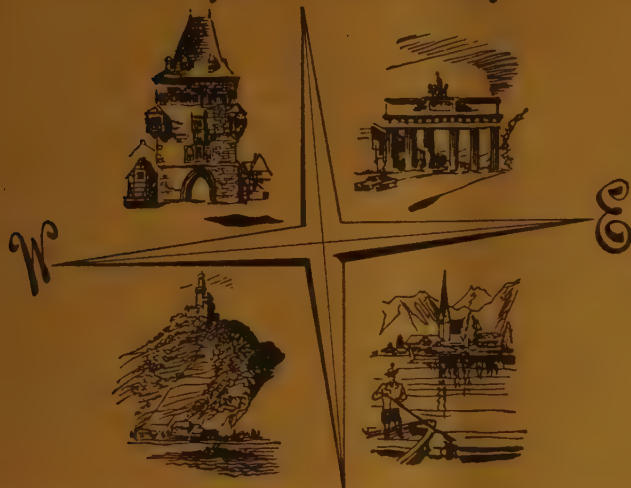


The Gheuk Madrasah at Sivas (A.D. 1271), an outstanding example of Seljuk architecture: photograph by Yan from *Turkey*, to be published by Thames and Hudson on January 28



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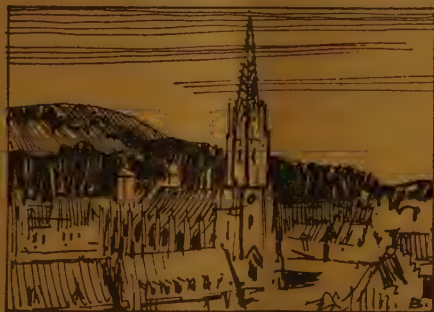
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of the sugar-factories, built with American aid all over the country, which seem to have little to do except welcome travellers.

It is pointless to advise an itinerary; for few spots in either country are not worth a visit. Perhaps one should avoid Zonguldak, on the Black Sea coast; and personally I have found one visit to Alexandroupolis sufficient. Istanbul should be visited soon; or it will be too late. Bull-dozers are driving vast avenues through all that was most picturesque. The graceful *yalis* along the Bosphorus are being destroyed one by one; and a promenade now separates the old sea walls of the city from the sea. (It must be noted that the Greek authorities too are showing an unhappy passion for boulevards.) But the Turkish countryside is too large and too splendid ever to be spoilt. For sheer beauty there is nothing to match the southern coasts of Anatolia; and even the Metsovo Pass in central Greece cannot be compared with the two great Turkish passes which down the centuries have been gateways to the East, the Zigana Pass that leads from Trebizond towards Persia, and the Cilician Gates across the Taurus. In Greece many of the islands are now overrun by Athenian millionaires, by Anglo-Saxon intellectuals, and by the more sophisticated fringes of international café society. But there are still unspoilt islands in the northern and eastern Aegean; and the Greek mainland is as yet too little known. The mountains of Arcadia—so much grander than the Arcady of the romantics—and the strange, wild country that stretches northward from Parnassus right up into Macedonia have unfathomed beauties still. And even the well-trod places in both countries, Delphi or Ephesus, Olympia or Brusa, or the male paradise of Mount Athos, cannot lose their magic, however many Tours descend on them.

No traveller of taste can omit Greece or Turkey; and till his circumstances allow him to go there in person, let him study the 'Greece books' and the 'Turkey books' that appear, to whet his appetite.

STEVEN RUNCIMAN

Recent books on Greece and Turkey include: *Greece*, by Mimica Cranaki, translated from the Greek by Neline C. Clegg (Vista Books, Hulton Press, 6s.); *The Flight of Ikaros*, by Kevin Andrews (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s.); *The Sea of Icarus*, by Goran Schildt, translated from the Swedish by Alan Blair (Staples Press, 21s.); *Goodbye to the Fez*, by Barbro Karabuda, translated from the Swedish by Maurice Michael (Dobson, 30s.); *Turkey*, text by Robert Mantran, with introduction by Lord Kinross and photographs by Yan (Thames and Hudson, £3 10s.) (coming January 28).

## Allons!

WHO GOES TO FRANCE? I don't mean who will go this summer for the first time, to join their compatriots at le Lavandou; I mean those who, year after year, refuse to go anywhere else.

Such addicts know, of course, why not to go. Imitate them, *chères lectrices*. You are tired of tweedy pipe-smoking Englishmen? Alas, every Frenchman *qui se respecte* now smokes *le shag*, wears a tweed jacket and, like young Englishmen, has an American hair-cut. *La galanterie française*? Not always. A Frenchman may open the *Métro* door for you to prevent your preceding him, and an ordinary door because, having sized you up from the front, he



Laon Cathedral: the west front, begun in the twelfth century and finished by 1225

Photograph by A. F. Kersting, from 'The Cathedrals of France'

wishes to compare *le revers de votre médaille* with his ideal (the French are such idealists!).

Good conversation? Yes, if lengthy sojourns over the years have enabled you to break through the formality enshrined in endless clichés of polite phraseology. For more ephemeral contacts, we have politics or sex. An ever-welcome topic is the barbarity of the Americans, the Russians, the Germans and, of course, the British; but go warily on Algeria or de Gaulle. Scratch a Frenchman and you not uncommonly find a Jesuit or a Jansenist: and between casuistry and intransigence there may not be much room for good talk or even for *la logique française*. Sex is safer, for every Frenchman knows we have no sex' life and conversation quickly becomes monologue—a recital of precocious and sustained virility or (a basically similar existential variant) an abject confession of *impuissance* and *angoisse*. Good conversation can still be had in Paris—with cultivated expatriate Americans, now greatly outnumbering the French. Yet people still

flock to France. Why? One reason is obvious: good wine and food. I don't mean expensive *finer bouteilles* but the sort of wine I drank quantities of last summer. Labelled 'Sans Rapproche', it was a nameless claret—but it had lain many years *derrière les fagots*; it cost 300 francs a bottle! Snobbery in food is equally detestable. Who wants to know, for example, that lampreys are the only fish with which we may drink red wine? Fortunately, such pedantry does not belong to *Gastronomic Tour de France* (Alfred and Unwin, 30s.) an outstanding book by Jean Conil, himself a cook. In addition to hundreds of local dishes that you can actually cook yourself, there are notes on other attractions of each region of France, including recommended restaurants. You must try the recipe on page 84.

M. Conil's book has excellent photographs, but Mr. Howgrave-Graham's in *The Cathedrals of France* (Batsford, 35s.) are quite outstanding. They accompany ground-plans, diagrams, and detailed descriptions, not only of architectural beauties but, fascinatingly, of the engineering skills in French cathedrals. One caveat: the book is more for Gothic than for Romanesque enthusiasts. But both schools may find common ground in the west front of Laon.

So we go to France for food and love, for buildings; and, of course, for the climate and scenery, which is unparalleled in variety in Europe, perhaps in the world. Where, then, to go? I am not such a fool as to answer the question: who wants to see compatriots?



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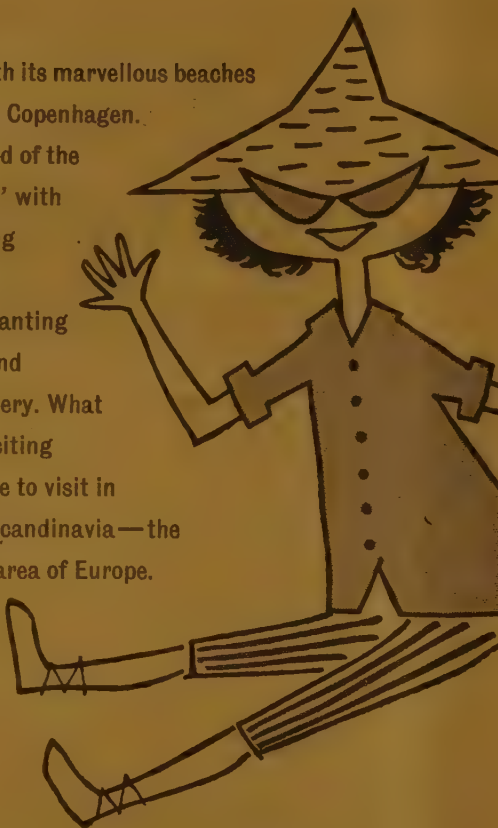
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ay? So I shall not reveal whither (after  
ps a couple of *blancs froids* at the  
merie Martiniquaise) I shall move on to  
l balmy days; bathe in a sea warm but,  
e the Mediterranean, not soup-like; be  
ed, not grilled, into a comely tan; sip Pineau  
e shade of one of the simple, robust Roman-  
e churches built by the ancestors of the  
e, kindly people who surround me and who  
serve me fresh fish cooked, not in olive oil,  
n creamy butter and who, after dinner will  
me a glass of the local . . . I must stop  
e I tell too much. Let me say only that  
Duchy of Aquitaine (and its marches) pro-  
ll of France that I now want. If you are  
o certain, why not study *France Observed*  
mes and Hudson, 37s. 6d.), a collection of  
es on all the districts of Paris and regions  
rance, written by many eminent writers  
e too eminent not to be dull) and *sumptu-*  
illustrated in colour; so sumptuously, that  
landscapes tend to look all the same; but  
exts are more astringent and expert.

ay go to France? Let a Frenchman answer:  
*Les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-là seuls qui*  
*partent*  
*ur partir; coeurs légers, semblables aux ballons,*  
*leur fatalité jamais ils ne s'écartent,*  
*sans savoir pourquoi, disent toujours:*  
*Allons!*

a conceive of no better *fatalité* than to be  
ed to travel perpetually in France. And if,  
myself, you come to say: *odi et amo*, what  
basis for a rich and inexhaustible relation-

DOUGLAS PARMÉE

also *With Your Car in the South of France*, by  
ey and Marianne Noble (Muller, 12s. 6d.);  
*Andy Revisited*, by A. J. Liebling (Gollancz,  
*Without My Yacht*, by Ethelind Fearon  
donald, 16s.).

## To the North

RE IS A persistent and quite unfair prejudice  
st travelling in Scandinavia. Thoughts of  
d for most people still conjure up the coun-  
of the south as the only ones where the  
and a cultured ambiance can be found.  
the English invented tourism the north  
only frequented by Scots traders and  
ers of fortune. Though Mary Wollstone-  
strayed to Sweden she scarcely found any-  
there that did not appal her. Longfellow  
the country but he was a Yorkshire Ameri-  
quite unable to set a fashion. Among  
ate romantics, Gosse journeyed in search of  
's environmental motivations and Morris's  
isiasm for the Sagas laid a false trail which  
led many of us into thinking of the  
dinavians as the mean descendants of weary  
ers of battle axes. Most of us are so out  
uch with Scandinavian literature that we  
regard Ibsen as a greater man than Strind-  
and know nothing about the only school of  
y in Europe that is still thriving. Mr.  
am Greene looked as if he wished to  
re the balance when he started his career  
a novel which had Stockholm as its back-  
But it is significant that even he managed  
t the names of the streets wrong. It seems  
we simply do not care about Scandinavia.  
is fashionable among tourists, who as a  
are more slaves to fashion than almost



Swedish Lapps: from *Your Holiday in Europe*  
(revised edition: Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.)

anyone else, to dismiss Scandinavia as being too  
clean, as if cleanliness had somehow become a  
vice. Others who find nothing odd in making  
a journey to Fascist Iberia object that the north  
is in the hands of socialists as if politics were  
likely to colour the landscape or the food they  
eat. Few of us know or will admit that ski-ing  
is better and cheaper in Norway than it is in  
Switzerland, that the food is better in Copen-  
hagen than in Paris, that the tan from the  
Midnight Sun or the Swedish west coast is  
deeper and more lasting than a Riviera blush,  
that film directors like Bergman and Dreyer  
are not freaks in countries that value poets as  
highly as film stars.

The prejudice which makes us regard the  
north as the home of barbaric ancients and  
equally barbaric moderns is jolted away on the  
first visit. The greatest impact is visual. The  
air is so free of smoke and dust and so drained  
of moisture by the lakes and the forests that  
eyes accustomed to the British atmosphere seem  
to be looking at infinity. Colours are seen as  
a child sees them; they are bright and sharp and,  
at midsummer, possess a luminous quality. See-  
ing as a child makes one appreciate the naïvety  
which is the dominant force in the plastic arts  
in Scandinavia. It is there in the work of Vig-  
elund and Milles, in the cultivated medievalism  
of Hjorth and even noticeable in the monolithic  
sculpture of Marklund. The stone sculptors  
of today derive their inspiration from the great  
wood sculptors of the past, the men who carved  
masterpieces like the portal at Urnes Church in  
Sognefjord photographed by Bert Boger in  
*Norway*, text by Terje Stigen (Thames and  
Hudson, £2 10s.). A hunt for the sculpture and  
the architecture of the Middle Ages soon leads  
the visitor to the churches of Uppland, where  
the great painter Albertus Pictor did his best  
work, or to Gottland and the beginning of the  
Goths.

There are, of course, disappointments. The  
castle at Elsinore has a tarnished copper roof

and looks French. Meals in Swedish restaurants  
take too long. The distances are so great that  
no ordinary holiday would give the traveller  
time to travel in all three countries. But there  
are surprises and compensations. The grisly  
minded will want to see the preserved bodies  
of Bothwell and of a Bronze Age man in Copen-  
hagen. The historically minded may loiter in  
Lund but they would do well to set aside a  
week for the country of the Svear which lies  
round Stockholm. At Gripsholm, the strong-  
hold of the Vasa family on Lake Mälär, which  
is furnished as if it were still in use, there are  
some fine portraits of Swedish royalty and of  
Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Mary, Queen of Scots.  
At Drottningholm, a suburb of Stockholm, one  
may witness eighteenth-century opera in a  
theatre that was built by Gustav III for players  
from the court of Louis XV. From Stockholm  
one can take a pleasure steamer to Roslagen  
where the Vikings once lived who gave their  
name to Russia.

For those who find no magic in history or art  
on holiday there are the beaches of Jutland, the  
journeys by canal from Gothenburg to Stock-  
holm, the fishing in the north, the yachts to be  
hired on Oslo Fjord, the mountains studded  
with youth hostels which do not discriminate  
against age or the family with a car, the solitude  
of the forests and an abiding and gracious hospi-  
tality. Most people who go north for the first  
time wonder when they return home why they  
never went before. They are made aware of an  
affinity to the Scandinavians and this, after all,  
is not so surprising. For we are, for the most  
part, Scandinavians ourselves—or, as the Nor-  
wegian Prime Minister would have it, 'slightly  
mad Norwegians'. In spite of our prejudice, we  
belong to the north.

IAN RODGER

## The Little Mermaid

(Edvard Eriksen's bronze statue of Hans  
Christian Andersen's Den Lille Havfrue on the  
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Lonely and bottle-green  
on her red bannock of a stone,  
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half female and half fish—  
chained to the shore,  
immortally alone.

Not for her gaze  
the exciting azure Øresund  
flickering with chalk-white yacht-sails  
and wide palaces of ships  
bound for romantic seas unknown.

For her, one sight alone:  
a drab grey streak of shore;  
the Sunday promenaders with their prams;  
who slime their shoulders with their insolent  
stares  
like seagulls with their excrement.

How she must inwardly anathematize  
the brewer who condemned her to  
this public pillory;  
and yet her face is tranquilly  
resigned: it seems to say:  
'Nature just made things so'.

And young girls anguished by their youth's  
dichotomies  
feel their own fate projected  
in her eyes.

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The fortress at Brindisi

From 'Apulia'

## 'Kennst Du Das Land?'

THE GERMS of a capacity for schizophrenic realization are probably to be found in all but the very sanest people. Nothing illustrates this tendency better than the attitude that many English, French, and German tourists preserve towards the pleasant land of Italy. It is understandable how this should start. Visually, Italy exceeds in beauty even the largest anticipation; everywhere you are likely to come upon young faces of angelic gravity and charm; and uninhibited capitalism and rapacious advertising have yet ruined all the landscapes or all the towns. Moreover, the visitor usually knows Italy only in the benign weather of its summer coasts. He knows quickly, a powerful aid to narcissistic well-being. He can wear very little, which is sometimes another. He can feel cared for, wanted, anxious. All this is only a surface, of course; but it is a surface that some visitors never lose sight of, or penetrate beyond, even when they come more than visitors.

M. Paul Lechat is such a one. He has contributed to a series called Vista Books (Hulton Press, 6s.) a small, packed book, *Italy*, well translated by Miss Yvonne Kapp. It is full of information and honest facts, some of them unpleasant. I take it that M. Lechat has known Italy for a long time and that he also knows its language, despite the fact that one chapter is headed *Serioso*, a word unknown outside German music. Nevertheless, in his opening chapter 'Overture in the Italian Style' he can still write thus: 'I have never come across such a richness of understanding as that of the Italian mind. They understand instantaneously, even before you have got out what you want to say. In word, an allusion, a reference is all that is needed. They have filled in the rest'. And again: 'People so realistic, so gifted in seeing, hearing, feeling, touching, so intrinsically at one with the rhythms of the universe and their own rhythms, so skilful and inventive, quite naturally find a poetic outlet for their sensations, sentiments, dreams, and visions. No people is more talented at song. The country supplies the entire world with opera tenors and sopranos. Everybody sings in Italy. ... If Italy were to stop singing, it could cease to be'. And so on: whatever he has revealed elsewhere, M. Lechat assures us from

the start that Italian life is gay, vivacious, intelligent, sensitive, artistic, and happy.

It is M. Jean-François Revel's opinion that Italian life is none of these things; inspired by an unremitting intention of debunking the idea, he has written *As for Italy* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s.). The book first appeared in France in 1958, was promptly translated into Italian, and was received by educated Italian readers with masochistic glee. M. Revel tells us that he too has had his narcissistic feelings for Italy. But, my word, he does not have them now! The idealized object has become an internal persecutor. Yet M. Revel, in his deliberately unforgiving way, does bring into the open a great number of feelings of painful exasperation about Italian life that many of us have long tried to suppress. His book could, in obvious ways, have been better done than it is: much of it consists of disconnected notes, apparently from a diary. The present translation is marred by careless grammar, vocabulary, and proof-reading. But the original may well become a minor classic of corrective fervour. Unquestionable concern and passion inform M. Revel's attacks on the church and politics of Italy; on the chauvinism, xenophobia, unoriginality, and emptiness of her culture; on her obsession with sport; on most of her food and all of her wines except two; and, again and again, on the general contemptuous subjection of women, and the consequent degradation in the sexual life of the Italian male.

For it is to obscenity that this system of repression has reduced love-life in Italy. Every Italian is, and cannot be anything else but, a sexual maniac. In the streets the men spend their time turning round to look at the girls' bottoms. The first stare always goes to the bottom. I wonder if any Italian has ever loved a girl for her face? But can they be blamed? The sexual diet of a young Italian is privation. ... Moreover, the Italians are not very subtle in matters of gallantry. The main preoccupation of the men ... is to divest themselves as quickly as possible of excess physical passion.

It may be said that M. Revel despises almost everything in contemporary Italy; and for most of his aversions he makes out a good case.

M. Revel is constantly acute and amusing. Above all, he is thorough-going. The tolerant,

conciliatory English reader, as he approaches the last pages of the book, may weakly begin to expect that M. Revel will finally bestow upon his former hosts some large, generous, resourceful, all-cancelling bouquet, a 'sorry-present' lest they should think any genuine ill-feeling has been intended. The bouquet fails to appear: M. Revel pounds scathingly on to the end. I cannot help admiring this. What else is there to say? I have known and loved Italy—whatever one means by that name—for many years. I think I do so still. But to anyone who actually contemplates going there for the first time, all I can say, and that with caution, is that the place may well prove worth a visit; though after reading M. Revel's book, and agreeing with a good deal of it, I must be pardoned if I am momentarily at a loss to suggest quite why.

HENRY REED

The following will also be of interest: *Apulia*, by C. A. Willemsen and D. Odenthal (Thames and Hudson, £3 10s.); *A Short Guide to Rome*, by John Beighton (Nicholas Kaye, 12s. 6d.); *Venice* (Nagel, 9s. 6d.); *Gateway Guide to Rome* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)



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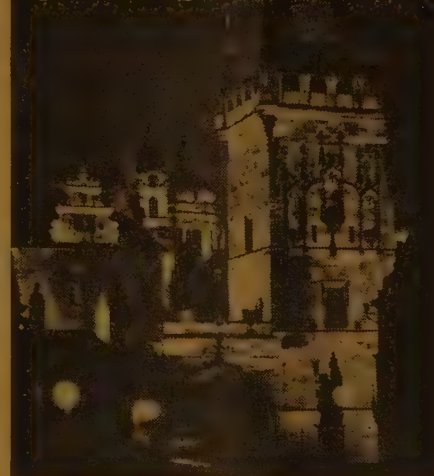
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# Excelsior!

THE FIRST EDITION of Baedeker's *Switzerland*, published nearly one hundred years ago, begins with an exhortation. 'If strength permit', the author notes, 'and a suitable halting place be met with, a two hour's walk may be accomplished before breakfast. At noon a moderate luncheon is preferable to a regular *table d'hôte* dinner. These should be taken during the hottest hours, and the journey then continued till 5 or 6 p.m., when a substantial meal may be partaken of. When a mountain has to be breasted the prudent traveller will pursue the even tenor of his way in regular and steady steps; the novice alone indulges in spurts'.

This was the general attitude towards mountain travel when the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, a boy in his 'teens, had his first view of the Alps in 1865, the very year in which the Matterhorn was first climbed. Many of the great peaks were still unconquered, and although Coolidge first showed little interest in the matter he was encouraged by his aunt, the intrepid Miss Breevort (one of the earliest women climbers) to become a serious mountaineer. In the course of time he made a number of first ascents and was largely responsible for popularizing the Engadine, a district then practically unknown. Judged by modern standards Coolidge was a great climber. In his day it was customary for the traveller always to be accompanied by guides and porters; and although Coolidge was not a passenger it is doubtful if he ever had the skill to lead on even a moderately difficult climb. His real passion was Alpine history; and the better to carry out his researches, having needed to earn his living, he settled at Grindelwald in 1896 where he lived until his death in 1955 at the age of 75. He became a legendary figure during his lifetime; not only because he was the leading Alpine scholar of his day but also on account of his genius for picking a quarrel. 'Anything which is the best of its kind', Sir Arnold Lunn has noted, 'must command respect, even if sometimes grudging respect. Now nobody was in Coolidge's class at the manufacture of unnecessary quarrels. He could do anything with a hatchet but bury it'. Mr. Ronald Clark has now retold his story in *An Eccentric in the Alps* (Museum Press, 1955), and he is to be congratulated on his entertaining biography of this forgotten Victorian character. It provides a vivid picture of early Alpine travel and will amuse even those whose chief interest in the mountains is to gaze up at them from the balcony of a comfortable Swiss chalet.

Coolidge's chalet at Grindelwald lay in the shadow of the Eiger, the great 13,000-foot peak of the Bernese Oberland. By the ordinary route presents no great difficulty, and when Coolidge himself climbed it in 1871 he was actually accompanied to the summit by his famous dog Dingel. It would never have entered his mind to venture on to the north face of the mountain (not even mentioned by Baedeker), but at the time of his death the guides were beginning to wager that one day it would be climbed. The north face of the Eiger is a sheer pitch of rock and ice some 6,000 feet high. About the quarters of the way up, a large white ledge is discernible. It is a solid block of snow and from its frightening precipices

ice emerges in all directions, filling every gully, crack, and crevice for hundreds of feet. Seen from below it looks like a gigantic white spider waiting to pounce on anyone who ventures into its domain. The climb was first attempted in 1935 and several times again during the next few years, nearly always with fatal results. All these attempts were made by German and Aus-



Fritz Kasparek on the north face of the Eiger (1938)  
From 'The White Spider'

trian climbers and became associated in the minds of many people with the Nazi idea of national glory. Herr Harrer, however, whose exciting book *The White Spider* (Hart-Davis, 30s.), tells the whole story of the north face, produces convincing arguments to the contrary; it was simply due, he says, to the fact that the modern technique of 'mechanical' climbing (which demands the use of a great deal of assorted ironmongery) was more advanced in Germany than elsewhere, and without these adventitious aids there is no possibility of ascending the Face. It could be argued that a climb of this sort is not mountaineering but a form of acrobatics; and while the sport, if such it is, has followers in this country, no British party has yet tried its luck on the Eiger's north face.

In 1938 Heinrich Harrer was a member of the first party to climb this terrible face and it was his outstanding prowess that led to his joining the Nanga Parbat Expedition the following year and his subsequent internment in India and

famous escape to Tibet. The story he has to tell is horrifying. The climb took three days, during which the party was never out of danger from avalanches and falling rocks. At night they bivouacked as best they could on narrow ledges to which they anchored themselves lest they fall asleep and crash to the valley below.

There have now been thirteen successful ascents, interspersed with several fatal accidents and some sensational attempts at rescue. The Swiss Government has rightly done what it can to deter people from trying this desperate climb but there is little doubt that the White Spider will attract further victims. This is the best and most exciting mountaineering book I have read, and it is notable for its author's modesty. Few who read it will wish to make practical use of Herr Harrer's appendix in which he gives detailed instructions for finding the route up the north face of the Eiger; equally few will fail to be thrilled by this heroic story even though they think, as I do, that it should be regarded not as a challenge but as an awful warning.

JOHN MORRIS

Other recent books of interest to travellers in Europe include: *Europe: A Visual History* (Bodley Head, £4 10s.); *Your Holiday in Europe*, by Gordon Cooper and Ernest Welsman (revised edition: Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.); *The Seaside Resorts of Europe*, by Gordon Cooper (Cassell, 15s.); *Fodor's Jet Age Guide to Europe* (Newman Neame, 35s.); *A Fortnight's Motoring Abroad*, by A. de M. Beanland (Percival Marshall, 5s.); *Traveling Light*, by Peter de Polnay, with drawings by Anton (Hollis and Carter, 12s. 6d.).

## Eastern Europe

WHEN STALIN still ruled his empire, travel or tourism was considered a disreputable bourgeois diversion. For the millions who lived in the satellites, it was almost impossible to move freely in their own countries, and there was no question of going abroad. An Iron Curtain separated these countries not only from the West but from one another. Sometimes, it even separated towns from towns.

When the new rulers began to relax political pressure in 1954, one of their first acts was to encourage a limited tourism. It was—and still is—no more than limited. Except in Poland today, individual passports to visit the West for a holiday are difficult to obtain. The manner of travel, (even within the Soviet empire), is group or package travel, mostly in the form of organized bus tours, a few to the West, most to other satellites. This is hardly what we call travel (one of the reasons for going abroad is, surely, to avoid one's compatriots?). All the same, it is an improvement. A Hungarian or a Russian can now go with his family, in company with other families, to the Baltic or the Bulgarian coast; or to the High Tatras mountains of Slovakia, to the shores of Lake Balaton in Hungary, to the woodlands of Transylvania. These are some of the places which now cater for the tourist, with a number of second-class hotels and restaurants.

To the Western visitor, Eastern Europe offers definite attractions, if he does not demand luxury. He is not subjected to the indignities of package travel, for these countries want his currency; he can go where he likes and stay where he likes, except in military or frontier zones.





A view of Prague  
From 'Europe: A Visual History'

Of recent discoveries unknown to the West, there is, in the centre of Bulgaria, the Thracian tomb of Kazanluk which has only recently been excavated, a pre-Grecian work of art which seems to me of a beauty unique in Europe. There is Prague, untouched by the war, which Westerners have forgotten is the most beautiful European city north of the Alps (I am prepared to include, here, Paris). In Poland is the city of Cracow, also untouched by the war, which re-creates the Middle Ages as Nuremberg once did. In Eastern Germany there are the eighteenth-century towns of Weimar and Meissen. As far as I know, there is nothing in Western Germany quite like them; they too are intact.

The Communist authorities have perhaps exaggerated the importance of the word 'culture'; but they certainly look after their works of art. The Zwinger Gallery in Dresden, although atrociously mutilated by the huge bombing raid of 1945, now stands again in its eighteenth-century elegance, with all its pictures (which were evacuated during the war). The same can be said for the Dresden opera house. The most outstanding reconstruction achievement of all must be the beautiful fifteenth-century Stare Miasto, or Old Town of Warsaw, which, with the Nuovy Swiat street, was deliberately laid flat by the retreating Germans in 1944. A Pole said to me (and he was a Communist): 'We have rebuilt the Stare Miasto in its old form at great expense, because it will be hard for anyone to live in such buildings and remain a barbarian'. The remark may be taken *cum grano salis*, but surely it was better to do this than not to do it?

There are, too, other, less aesthetic reasons

of tipping. Or it may be (the less charitable claim) because all the hotels and restaurants are publicly owned, and it is easier to steal from the state than the client.

Although the Czechs and Bulgars cannot be compared with those born *hotelier* nations, the Swiss and Italians, they have made considerable advances in Western-style tourism in the last five years. On the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria are new, gleaming, white hotels, restaurants, dance-halls, nickel-odeonemitting Boogie-Woogie, Teddy Boys. One might almost be in Blackpool. It is significant, too, that the principal town, Varna, was called Stalin until organized tourism began.

The Czechs have their High and Low Tartra mountains, the latter being particularly suited for ski-ing; they do not yet have enough hotels, ski-lifts, instructors, etc., by Western standards, but they are developing them. Poland has excellent ski-ing slopes at Zakopane on its side of the High Tartras. Rumania is now laying out its Black Sea riviera on Bulgarian lines. Hungary, like Czechoslovakia, offers some of the best shooting in Europe. East Germany, the least endowed by nature for tourism, is developing a number of summer resorts on the Baltic, such as Warnemünde and Sassnitz.

The Westerner may well ask what sort of reception he will get in the hotels and restaurants between the

for taking a holiday in Eastern Europe, if you are prepared to forget politics for a while (and the memory of the Hungarian revolution is still alive in most people's minds). At the tourist rate of exchange now introduced in most of the satellites, the cost is cheap, compared with Western Europe. On the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria you can live well for 30s. a day. The hotels are mostly new, clean, and the service is good (h. and c., etc.).

Another attraction is the unusual sensation of not being swindled. After the rapacious ways of the Mediterranean, this will be an unforgettable experience for the Western tourist. This may be due to some iron Stalinian law which still terrifies the hotel manager and his staff into exemplary honesty. It may be because tourism is a new industry here, and people have not yet learnt the ropes. It may be due to the absence

Baltic and the Black Sea. He will himself surrounded by the 'package tourists' I have referred to, other satellite peoples on holiday. All are neatly dressed, their behaviour decorous, and they, like the hotel staffs, courteous to Westerners. They speak quietly in the restaurants, and move about inconspicuously. I have mentioned Blackpool. But there is more of the happy, beer-swilling, uncle-in-his-bush atmosphere of Blackpool. They might be the many refined bourgeois. Yet nearly all are workers, bus-drivers, miners, plumbers, electricians, on holiday with their families. It is their sudden acquisition of the great houses and hotels, which they now own collectively, given them a feeling of awe, an awareness of power, as there is no one above to set the tone, they must set it themselves.

ANTHONY RHODES

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Moscow: the Cathedral of St. Basil, Red Square  
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great man's permission. In the short excursion to Moscow to the historic towns of Jaroslavl and Pereslavl was made possible only when an ambassador invited him to in a privileged diplomatic trip. Hitherto, moreover, the only alternative to travelling with a large escorted party has been to pay a minimum of £10 a day for what Intourist calls 'de luxe' accommodation, which can be far more luxurious and includes the often over-attentive attentions of the monopoly's guides.

This year, however, Intourist promised us last September, about twenty towns will be taken off its prohibited list, and independent travellers will pay a hotel rate of about £6 a day. This will still be several times the fair price

Russians using the same hotels pay only £2 but it is at least a step in the right direction. And meanwhile we are no longer being misled with books whose authors, after a brief, bear-led visit, pass sweeping judgments, favourable or unfavourable, on the Soviet Union despite their total lack of knowledge of the country's languages and background and their total failure to make real contact with its inhabitants.

Most of the latest reports are more discerning and more illuminating: partly because their authors are able and eager to break through the hard crust of the Soviet scene to the warm human reality beneath; partly, also, because



Moscow: inside GUM, the State Universal Store

From 'By Road to Moscow and Yalta'

they are wise enough to concentrate on telling what they personally experienced, instead of reaching out for the nearest handy generalisation.

Santha Rama Rau's *My Russian Journey* (Gollancz, 21s.) is an excellent sample of this lively and lifelike reporting. She made friends, not excursions; and what she has to say about her varied acquaintances in Moscow and Leningrad is not only more readable but more revealing than most of the observations about Russia that flow so freely from other pens. She writes with wit and wisdom; her book, however, is essentially about people—the poor and the privileged, the docile conformists and the wary rebels—and each of her anecdotes rings true.

A touch or two of exaggeration may be suspected in John Brown's *Russia Explored* (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.). Mr. Brown certainly knows his way around in Russia, where he had gone, as an unusually enterprising factory worker, in the nineteen-thirties; now he has revisited some of his old haunts, taking his wife and an entertaining technique of pure bluff which enabled them to travel extensively, usually in defiance of all regulations, and to live pretty well free. Some of his tales of successful tangles with the bureaucracy are completely convincing; but he tells other tales which are a little too tall to be accepted at their face value, and here and

there an elementary inaccuracy sets one wondering.

The visitor who reads and speaks Russian, or at least has a working knowledge of it, obviously has a great advantage in this country, where appearances can so often be deceptive. No such claim is made by Robert Bell; but his *By Road to Moscow and Yalta* (Alvin Redman, 15s.) may, for that very reason, be of practical value to non-Russian-speaking travellers, especially those who chose to take their cars along the two or three permitted roads under Intourist's strict supervision, for he explains all the snags he encountered in clear and simple terms, assuming that the reader may know nothing of the country. His narrative is entertaining only in passing, and one is left with a vivid

impression that this regimented, and sometimes rough-and-ready journey is one to be undertaken for the experience rather than for pleasure. Mr. Bell throws in a few notes on the sights of Moscow. Much more about these may be found in *Moscow and Leningrad* in the series of Nagel's guides (36s.) but some of its information is already out of date. Kathleen Taylor's *Going to Russia?* (Lawrence and Wishart, 13s. 6d.) offers quite a lot of useful information, but is apparently written for simple souls by one of themselves; she carries her abhorrence of the slightest breath of criticism of Soviet ways to the point of not warning the traveller how long it can take to get any food in Russia, and, after ten years of residence there, still does not know what the popular drink kvass is made from. But, in the absence of any one really satisfactory guidebook to the accessible parts of Russia, the intending traveller can only be advised to consult all those that are available, and draw his own conclusions when they appear to conflict with one another.

ANDREW BOYD

## Over There

IN EVERY EUROPEAN there is a Columbus waiting to be let out, or, to put it more depressingly, we all have at least one book on America in us. Other countries one visits, sojourns in, studies; America one discovers. Long before we get there we know more about it than any other place we have never been to; we have clearer, more accurate advance notions of its feel, smell, physique (no Proustian disillusionment is possible when one actually sees for the first time the Manhattan skyline or the Grand Canyon); and yet it remains inexhaustibly discoverable. For every typewriter-carrying Briton, there exists a corresponding American taxi-driver, room-clerk or elevator-operator waiting to utter splendidly quotable copy. Take my own



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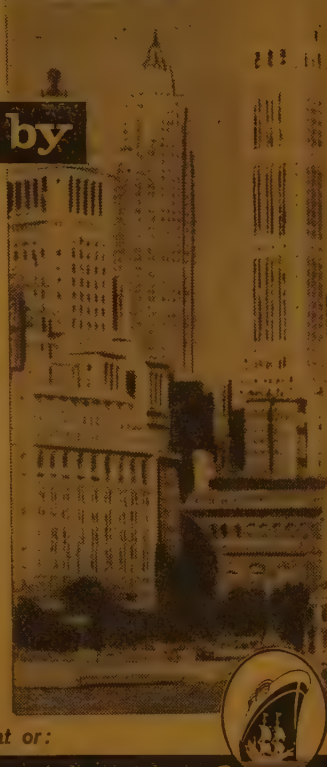
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I'd been in New York about five minutes when the cab-driver said to me: 'You speak a good English'. 'I am English', I pointed out. 'I know, but a lot of the English you can't understand'. A chapter at least in that if you use it carefully.

Your first chapter will be about New York as you take the more unusual course of going to Los Angeles and then working your way back East through the Middle West, which will be a most interesting itinerary as well as a gimmick for the book. This way you will start with Disneyland and the California markets, and after the inevitable leveraging weekend in Las Vegas regain your Puritan bearings in New England before returning home. It would mean that you would suffer the *c mélangé* of Hearst's palace at Saint Claremont, on marvellously spectacular coastal Highway 1, before you saw the exquisite conservation of the Frick collection in New York. You would be able to check if Henry Miller had a residence in Big Sur on the same route as you were trying to tape-record your interview with him. Miller later in the metropolis—and no one has done it that way round yet. It would be, if you rented a car, that you would break it in (happy image) on the Hollywood Boulevard, after which the New York Thruway would be child's play. There is a lot to be said for it.

Unless you were subsidizing yourself by writing, or you were the recipient of some kind of grant (you will certainly be both), this is perhaps a bit impractical financially. If you are only away for a month's holiday it probably won't be possible to get much further north than

Chicago or south than Williamsburg, Virginia. Do not let this depress you. You will find enough material to put between stiff covers on the Eastern seaboard alone, and then if that is a success you still have a huge area in which to find a sequel.

What in fact do they find, these book-writing travellers? Not America. Alistair Cooke says that it takes ten years before you truly discover America, and if anyone has succeeded in articulating the discovery he has. They find a seemingly inexhaustible supply of hospitality, and conviviality, and kindness; everyone is agreed about that. They find everywhere they go masterpieces of European art in a scarcely believable abundance, wonderfully easy of access. Curatorship is one of the great American arts. (Do, by the way, rent a tiny transmitter that fits into the ear in the National Gallery in Washington and hear the recorded commentary on many of the paintings on view; it's beautifully done.)

They also always find striking confirmation of their expectations. Wyndham Lewis in *America, I Presume* (still by a long way the funniest example of the genre) found a pattern of racial snobbery ever ready to come to the surface. Alexis de Tocqueville, whose various notebooks of his American tour, the raw material of the great work on Democracy, have just been edited by J. P. Mayer (*Journey to America*, Faber, 42s.), found in the eighteen-thirties various things that scarcely apply today; that, for instance, it was 'impossible to get public opinion excited over a large area'; that the people were remarkably chaste, and for all their humanity strangely indifferent to the fate of the

Indians. The contemporary reincarnation of Tocqueville, Edmund Wilson, has just, incidentally, made some handsome *Apologies to the Iroquois*.

The Frenchman also found a new kind of freedom and respect for the individual. More recent travellers have found just the opposite. Lord Kinross, who travelled all over by Greyhound bus, found that 'people matter collectively, more than individually—in terms of the group rather than of the person as a person'. His urbanely entertaining *The Innocents at Home* (Murray, 21s.) is already a little dated in that it refers to the period of the last presidential election, and much water has flowed under the Oakland Bay Bridge since then. It should be read alongside *On the Road*—Kerouac and Kinross covered much of the same ground—to gather millionaires and bums into a single perspective, the rich man in his Cadillac, the other guy in his Chevrolet.

Elisabeth Kyle, who went to see her publisher and investigate the flourishing children's books industry in America, stayed mainly in the east. She found—and records in *Oh Say, Can You See?* (Peter Davies, 18s.)—cosiness, friendships, bookish associations. She found the Alcott House, and the baby-linen store that belongs to Louisa's great niece, granddaughter of the prototype of Meg. In fact, Miss Kyle gathered the continent comfortably round her wherever she went and succeeds in giving us her sense of being larkishly at home in it.

ANTHONY CURTIS

See also: *Complete Guide to New England*, by Andrew Hepburn (Nicholas Vane, 12s. 6d.) and *New Orleans*, by Oliver Evans (Macmillan, 35s.).

## Two Poems

### II

### From Tibet

#### I

Colours of Egypt are  
Quickened in your bright hair  
But I have come too far  
To a strange country where  
Tree-fingers point towards  
Darkness, and I lack words.  
  
The yaks like clumps of wool  
Stump through red poison-flowers,  
So red, so beautiful,  
A dream rises and towers  
Beyond me, till I stand,  
Your hand warm in my hand.  
  
But I must ride with Das,  
A small man quick with hope  
Toward the invaded pass  
Up the lichen-rushed slope.  
Cloud-fastened, ice-ribbed, where  
A few hawks shriek and stare.

I shall keep warm above  
The valleys still and far  
For these days I find love  
In poem, wind and star.  
Wiser than I am wise,  
You have lent me your eyes.

Today the rare pale sun  
Appears, and the mules snort.  
Das writes his press report—  
We have seen no Chinese.  
No fighting has begun.  
The hawks sleep in the trees,

I have seen enough  
Of this valley and this death.  
I would not mingle breath  
With the scourged mules, but be bird;  
I would take wing far off  
And waste no further word.

Like cinders the red flowers  
Brush fire across my sleeve.  
I shall remount and leave  
Taking no backward look,  
And then collect these hours  
In a travel book.

My book will tell me truth  
But it will not be true,  
Till I return to you,  
My truth, my miracle.  
So long as I keep faith  
With you, I shall write well.

My page will be of stone  
Where the bright water scrawls  
The truth of Time, which falls

From times when, you not there,  
I recalled in dream, alone,  
The colour of your hair.

DOM MORAES

### Fever

The clinical thermometer, a small  
Dagger of glass in the armpit,  
Dangerously near the heart.

The mercury's persistent splinter  
Works deeper than the crystal blade:  
Bad blood in a poisoned vein.

Beyond the mosquito-net's dry tent  
Whose blue shower drenches me with sweat,  
My wet shadow battles with the wall.

Admiring my brown and healthy hand,  
I restore the mean thermometer to  
Its red glass of water, furred with pearls.

There it leans its neat illusion  
Like a snapped stalk, pickled  
In the rosy heart of light.

Nothing, at last, makes sense.  
I know I shall die, and feel  
Only indifference.

JAMES KIRKUP  
(Third Programme)



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### New Year

NEW YEAR, NEW PROGRAMMES. 'Man at the Door', a series of documentaries on unwelcome callers, started well with 'The Bailiff'. This was good straight dramatized documentary at its best. The form makes two simple demands: it must educate, and it must entertain. The balance is not always easy to strike; but I at last derived both information and amusement. One may express the dilemma another way: the need to reconcile the urge to generalize with the urge to particularize—and this is a closer paraphrase of the former problem than might at first appear. For in order to educate, in the usual sense, we tend to rush into generalization: we start to talk of 'the bailiff', 'the plaintiff', 'the debtor' and so on, and to express their relationships to each other in a more or less abstract, or at any rate depersonalized, manner. Whereas from the entertainment point of view all we want to see is Willy Smith locking himself in the lavatory to dodge a dun.

Mr. Allan Prior reconciled these irreconcilables admirably. The information was perhaps not quite hidden enough: we may be told once, but not twice, that a million and a quarter county court summonses are served yearly. But the persons of the drama, especially the bolshy young layabout who owes the cash, were perfectly individual, without ever becoming so much so that public instruction began to lose itself in private drama.

'Man at the Door' started with a bang. Not so 'Lookout', the new Wednesday series, which had teething-troubles—even, for the first few minutes, technical ones, due (no doubt) to what my electrician calls 'a dodgy lead'. This is to be a low-pressure 'Roving Eye' series, with

Geoffrey Wheeler reporting for twenty-five minutes from various unannounced locations—this week it was Covent Garden: the church, the opera-house, the market. One must judge leniently of 'first nights'; but I found Wheeler arch and over-emphasizing. He, and all his colleagues from Dimbleby downwards, should certainly forswear the use of the word 'great' for the duration of this year of grace. 'And now, as we stand in the entrance of this great —; please, please, no more! And if you really



'Man at the Door—1: The Bailiff' on January 7, with (left to right) Henry Soskin as Joe Smith, Sydney Vivian as Tommy Hardy, and Leonard Williams as the bailiff

want to make your reviewer happy, forswear the use of Christian names too!

INTERVIEWER: And how about the tomato trade?

FIRST VICTIM: Ah, you'll have to talk to Jeff Willis about that. Hi, Jeff!

(Exit First Victim. Enter Second Victim)

INTERVIEWER: Ah, good evening, Jeff!

No, no! The First Victim has probably been working at the next stall to Jeff for twenty years and has every right to call him that. But the interviewer, or at any rate such is the designed illusion of the programme, has never seen Jeff in his life before that moment. 'Good evening, Mr. Willis' is what I would like to hear. But no doubt that is too much to hope for.

Meanwhile old favourites go on. Perhaps of all the birds of the air the 'Brains Trust' is the one that I, were I a power that be, should be most tempted to tinker with. It is so much better than it was, and it is so nearly perfect, and yet somehow still contrives just to



Pandit Nehru in 'Panorama' on January 4

miss perfection. My grumble now that the teams seem to mill so much around the fringes of the target. Indeed, too often the main interest is not in the actual substance of what they are saying but in speculatively assessing their chances of achieving the obvious knock-out before the time-bell goes; and only too frequently, to pursue the metaphor, they spend the whole round locked in a sorry clinch.

The first question on Thursday required a team composed of ten and a half historians (Alan Bullock, J. H. Plumb, and Lord Dunsany Cecil) to account for the age-persecutions of the Jews. At once they took refuge in general considerations of the manner in which minorities always attract unpleasant attentions. Those generalities were true; but you know, and I know, of particular features relevant to the case of the Jews, who were the specific subject of the question. One of these is summed up in the immortal quarrel between the Christian carpenter and the Jewish scribe.

shifter (at Covent Garden, oddly enough) recorded in 1825 by Henry Crabb Robinson: 'The Christian cried "I hate your people; they kill my God, they did". To which the Jew calmly answered "Did they? Then you may kill him if you can catch him". The other peculiar feature is the question of usury.

Now if you and I know that, how much better do not these professional historians know? And, had they been asked this question by an undergraduate in a tutorial, that surely is how they would have answered it. But in a 'Brains Trust' there is a temptation to speak out one's private role, to answer through the illusory mask of a 'responsible public person'. The (perfectly unreasonable) fear of giving ground for a charge of public anti-Semitism had in fact upset their judgments and led them into pious rather than a precise answer; and the same token I am led to add that no one could be more firmly anti-anti-Semitic than myself.

HILARY CORRIE

## DRAMA

### A Thin We

A STRANGE DISEASE afflicts documentary writers when they set foot in the drama department: their own ground they produce work that dramatic or any other standards is among the finest television has to offer—but once outside they are overcome by excessive modesty, by determination not to take themselves seriously. After his brilliant first television play, H



Detail of a mural by Diego Rivera seen in 'Monitor' on January 3: it includes (foreground) himself depicted as a young boy, and (right) his wife



ity, exactly a year ago, I had that John Elliot, a doughty prisoner of d.d., was immune to this tendency to self-belittlement. But no: his and Geoffrey's thriller, *Never Die* (January 11) has all its other qualities admitted, only to answer the question, 'Who killed Tommy Thompson?' 'Who cares?'

At that level the script was only an efficient mystification machine (although a companion quick-witted than I spotted the minuting slip half-way through), to begin with it promised to be much more. It opens with the al for Christmas reunion of an 'Comrades' Association at a village where they had been married twenty years before. The sphere is one of ghastly un- y, the men trying to play up their old parts. As their hotel numbers are read out they and with uneasy heartiness, exchanging florid salutes and barking the ground 'SIR' at the end of

sentence, while two wives stand awkwardly in the background, feeling left out of things and harassed by their husbands' foolishness. The obvious cracks are already appearing. An arrogant is swiftly recaptured by his mously aggressive wife; no one seems glad to see the other subaltern who moves from group to group with a bonhomous condescension that no one has rank to support it. And as the solid of drinkers move into the bar and let into choruses of *The Quartermaster's Store*, *Run, Rabbit, Run*, the action moves on to the confrontation of past and present and the settling of old debts.

There are two of these: an unresolved affair between the sergeant and a village girl, now tied to the hotel keeper; and the subaltern's position for which the rest of the party bear a bitter grudge. Organically developed, the play would have relied on these two motifs, which could have been used to explore the ironies of war and peace. But the form required that they should act simply to draw the audience off the scent. Accordingly when the subaltern's body was found, and rumours of a treasure disclosed the nature of what was to come, the vital components of the play were unceremoniously discarded, leaving one with the intrepid Inspector and a collection of suspects, among whom only George A. Cooper, a loud-mouthed ex-W.O. II, and Owen as the cock-sparrow leader of the party retained anything of the original dramatic potency. John's production caught the self-consciously spasmodic quality of the scenes, and partly redeemed the play with a shocking close-up of the murderer gleefully brandishing a half-fanged broken bottle in his own face.

'Portrait of Man', carefully defined by its author, Nesta Pain, as 'a play or a documentary' and obviously surrendered to me by Mr. Pain in a thin week, belonged to the series of experimental programmes which sound marvellous in theory and are very hard going in practice. The idea was to send Man into a photographer's studio and answer his query about his nature by offering a series of photographic plates of the subject as seen by specialists in various



'Portrait of Man' on January 5, with Aubrey Woods (left) as the photographer and John Carson as Man

fields. Formally this involved Miss Pain in presenting her surgeon, cytologist, radiotherapist, etc., as deadly rivals instead of colleagues. One can accept this, as one can accept her tiresomely earnest seeker. But it would have been better if she had given their views straight rather than enveloping them in quasi-dramatic language—'Your conclusions are bound to be a little—shall we say?—superficial'—which prevent one from paying attention to the matter in their statements. Dramatically there can be no advance—we know Man will not find the soul—and the script underwent great improvement when Miss Pain abandoned the chase for a satiric montage of Man as a museum specimen in a menagerie displaying familiar behaviour as a zoological curiosity. (Shot of mother spanking son. Curator: 'The woman assaults her young with sharp lethal blows'.)

Dodie Smith wrote a true line when she put down 'that dear octopus from whose tentacles we never quite escape'. I would like to have the comments of Miss Pain's curator on the quaint antics in the *Dear Octopus* museum whose members returned, under the matriarchal sway of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, on January 10. Chloe Gibson's production of this imperishable

old mollusc was a highly theatrical affair with plenty of high-pressure voice projection, studied artificiality of movement, and men with tooth-paste smiles and quiffs. Miss Ffrangcon-Davies radiated gentle tyranny, and there were nice performances by Ingrid Sylvester as 'Scrap', and by Jean Anderson as the compulsive Hilda ('I always think tiny flies will get s'ut in books') who moves through the house in a state never far from exasperation. No wonder.

IRVING WARDLE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Feeding the Hungry

AS A CONSCIENTIOUS newcomer to this particular hearth I have been listening to more plays than is likely to be good for me, including repeats of productions exalted or deplored by previous incumbents. The range of sorts of play is very properly wide; the quantity, too, is good, for the public appetite for drama is great; and the quality is far beyond expectation at the best, respectable over the run of the mill, and mostly bearable at the worst.

I am much less cheerful about the distribution and timing of this mass of material. The direction of broadcasting into three channels to three nations or levels of intelligence, education, or seriousness once looked like a practical and even cunning administrative device. It has now thoroughly proved itself to be the crassest cultural blunder of our time. Only the obstinacy and professional self-respect of a crew of people who persist in taking broadcasting seriously prevent the Third from being more effectually inbred, the Home from being more suicidally middling, and the Light from being more anxiously infantile than they are.

Of course people like to know roughly when and where the sort of plays they are apt to enjoy will turn up, and in hard times like these a protected area for the first performance of difficult experiments may be handy. I grant also that listeners lazily let themselves be classified and stick to a single wavelength. And yet it could do no harm to allow nation occasionally

to speak unto nation. Among the week's repeats on the Third there were three at least deserving passports. The *Antigone* of Sophocles (Third Programme, January 10) deals in universal emotions, has been given a beautifully lucid translation by C. A. Trypanis, and a performance worthy of it in force and dignity by an excellent cast. *They Met on Good Friday* (Third, January 8), by Louis MacNeice, was no minority affair either, swift and unexpected in narrative, rich in characterization, and including some of the best writing even he has done for radio. And though I did not feel that the mixture of police-court realism, music, and melancholy quite came off in Peter Everett's *Day at Izzard's Wharf* (Third, January 7) there is enough life in it to appeal to a wider audience. It seems wasteful, too, that on Tuesdays a set of murder playlets by members of the Crime Writers' Association should always clash on the Light with a major Third Programme play. Intellectuals and bishops are well known to be detection addicts.



Scene from *Dear Octopus*, with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dora Randolph, Michael Denison (centre) as Nicholas, and Malcolm Keen as Charles



The man-hunts conducted in Graham Greene's novels are more nerve-racking than most. The reason may be that his theological position allows him to make his villains sinful as well as socially undesirable, and one hears the Hound of Heaven puffing along with the police. This may be hard to convey in a dramatized version. There was certainly a grave absence of menace from *Brighton Rock* (Home, January 4). James Kenney made the young monster Pinkie Brown bad, but not abominable. He was nervous and on the run too soon, too certain to be defeated for us to believe it natural that Rose, the girl whose knowledge could hang him, would easily agree to marry him. Maria Charles made her attractive and pathetic, but unlucky rather than doomed. The plot ran clearly enough and had a number of suitably nasty moments but there was no real horror. One had time to feel cross with the forces of law and order for being so slow and with Rose for being a simpleton.

Much more effectively morbid was *The Good God of Manhattan*, by Ingeborg Bachmann (Third, January 5). It explained less and used the conventions of the medium well in building up tension. The 'Good God' is a diabolical figure with a plausibly benevolent tongue. He is accused before an equally mythological judge of a number of bomb outrages against lovers, in which he has been assisted by squirrels who set the bombs and act as spies and provocateurs. In evidence we follow the brief affair of a couple who meet casually in New York and fall deeply in love although the man has soon to leave for Europe and tries to hold back or scare his lady away. The final execution of the heroine is justified by the 'Good God' on the grounds that romantic love is disorderly, self-sufficient, and anarchistic. The love scenes are managed with great eloquence and some subtlety but the protective frame of irony by which romance is glorified is eventually a strain on the patience. The supernatural machinery—especially those squirrels—became whimsical as well as fantastic. But this is a distinguished piece of writing which gave the lovers, Katharine Blake and Trader Faulkner, opportunities for sustained emotion through a range of moods and little languages.

'Wednesday Matinée' offered *The Last Laugh* and *The Laboratory* (Home, January 6), both lightweight anecdotes with trick endings. But the melodrama and the comedy were played for all they were worth and the timing was neater than it often is in more pretentious productions.

The Thursday evening series *The Verdict of the Court* (Home) relies on the old truth that you can't go wrong with a court scene, but is also reviving less hackneyed cases than usual. *The Ireland's Eye Murder* (January 7) had an interesting element of doubt about it, stated most judiciously in a postscript by Lord Birkett.

FREDERICK LAWS

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### Art and Politics

THIS HAS BEEN a political and artistic week. It began (Third Programme, January 3) with the first of a group of talks on modern Germany. In this series a number of West Germans are to discuss the material and spiritual problems of their country: their attempts to integrate themselves into the world, the feel of a divided Berlin. The series was opportune, and, as things turned out, it had a lamentable topicality. I switched on, I must confess, with a certain cynicism.

In 'Mourning for Kant', Carl Amery, the novelist, discussed what he believed to be the real tragedy of his country. It was an honest

analysis; and yet I still felt slightly cynical. Was the real tragedy of Germany, as Herr Amery insisted, the plot of July 20, 1944, with its moral superiority and weak execution? Or was it, I wondered, that Germania is insoluble but unchangeable?

Art, like politics, has its watersheds; and we discovered one of them when (Third, January 8) Geoffrey Bownas introduced *Poems from the Manyoshu*, a selection from the first great anthology of Japanese poetry. Mr. Bownas was erudite and sympathetic, and I found the poems touching, and much less alien than, somehow, I had expected Japanese poems to be. I had the same feeling of pleasant surprise when (Third, January 5) I heard the first of a new group of 'Art—anti-Art' programmes. Olivier Todd, implacable, quiet, and sharp as a Q.C., interviewed Mr. Ionesco, and his cross-examination produced some illuminating statements. Did Mr. Ionesco believe in the separation of genres? No, he did not; and in his anti-plays he had attempted a synthesis. What had influenced his work? Mr. Ionesco was reticent. Well, perhaps Dadaism and other things. What of his first play, *La Cantatrice Chauve*? 'J'avais besoin d'extérioriser un certain état d'âme'. Why had his theatre succeeded? Because it was not esoteric. Was it (a thrust of the rapier), was it decadent? Mr. Ionesco was simply bewildered. The dramatic writer, he said, was not a prophet or missionary, he was a witness; and it was absurd for him to define an ideology or express a message. Had I been listening to 'Art—anti-Art' or a talk on Art for Art's Sake?

If this interview seemed surprisingly uncontroversial, I could not say the same of the sister programme (Third, January 6). This was Barbara Bray's deft production, 'We Called our Hippopotamus "It's Toasted"': a macédoine of scenes from plays by Apollinaire, Tzara, Cummings, Picasso, and others. The programme surely disproved Mr. Ionesco's contention that the theatre had not followed surrealism and the movements of the teens and 'twenties of this century. But for all its disconcerting vigour, for all its intellectual shock-treatment, it did leave a lurking feeling that (in Mr. Ionesco's words) the theatre was inadequate compared to art and literature.

It was a more orthodox inspiration that led the Talks Division to launch 'Painting of the Month': a series of twelve appreciations gracefully timed for the interval of the Sunday-afternoon concert. Listeners were invited to subscribe for coloured reproductions of the pictures in question (with black-and-white details and notes); and I settled down hopefully (Home, January 3) to hear the maiden speech. A successful visual programme on sound would, after all, be a triumph for the Spoken Word.

Alas, the first talk was no triumph. Sir Philip Hendy discussed 'St. George and the Dragon': the Uccello newly acquired by the National Gallery. His comments were personal, erudite, charming (there was no more, he observed, to the princess in the picture, the prospective dragon-fodder, 'than to one of those economical poussins').

But talks are a matter of casting as well as writing; and how I lamented that such good criticism should be delivered with such monotony! Why is it that born speakers are so few? Does the microphone, or the need to put pen to paper, really make wits and experts so self-conscious? I have an uneasy feeling that Englishmen are still far too afraid of showing emotion; and we may have lost a good deal of inspired spoken wordage through keeping an inflexible upper lip.

This has been a busy week for talks and a quiet one for features, but I much look forward to 'An Evening with Mallarmé' next week.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

## MUSIC



### Put It Across

EXCITEMENT, impatience, restlessness—these and a good many other conflicting reactions seem to have been stimulated by the performance of Igor Stravinsky's *Le Marteau sans Maître* in the (January 7) of the Third Programme's series of 'The Thursday Invitation [I have to write "Initiation"] Concerts', and I confess I share them all. Some found a constant irregularity of rhythm and the high tessitura (the lowest of Boulez's group instruments is a guitar) monotonous, but this is surely unjustified; the great speed at which much of the music moves almost precludes the use of lower timbres—they would not be quickly enough—and as for the irregularity of rhythm, well, there are plenty of different degrees of irregularity in *Le Marteau*, and as one grows acclimatized it becomes a little easier to distinguish one from another. Moreover, the performance as dexterous and assured as given by the New Music Ensemble under Pierre Boulez reveals far greater contrasts of tension and relaxation than one could gather from the composer's own, rather unsatisfactory recording.

Yet as soon as the music comes to an end and releases one from its dazzling hypnotism, impatience sets in. Is it simply lack of familiarity on our part that prevents this music from speaking to us on as many levels as the Mozart quintets between which it was sandwiched? Does the preoccupation, however subtle and imaginative, with sound as such involve a rejection of the whole human tradition of the last six centuries and more, in which the greatest music has been at once sound and symbol? These questions, and more, have to be asked because it is clearly unsatisfactory to enjoy this music for superficial reasons ('I love the sound it makes—exquisite') as to reject it on the same level ('I don't like all sounds the same to me'). I do find it significant that the texts Boulez has given to his contralto soloist—the astoundingly accurate Rosemary Phillips on this occasion—show a surrealist aphorism by René Char. But the next Boulez work in this series (the second of his *Improvisations sur Mallarmé* is to be given on March 10) perhaps there might be something to get him or one of his pupils in this country to explain to us what function verbal music can perform in his work.

At any rate, it seems clear to me that the performances of music so far removed from the experience of all but a tiny fraction even of Third Programme listeners will have to be preceded and followed up by analysis and discussion. What is worth doing, etc.—the B.B.C. has done well in calling on the group of musicians in the country sufficiently devoted to the job to do it properly; likewise if a minority is worth catering for, it is worth increasing.

This was borne in on me particularly strongly on Saturday by the first of a new series of broadcasts of Indian classical music. Even uneducated Western ears could to some extent appreciate the virtuosity of the two players and the academic introductory notes were, in a well-meaning way, practically useless. The music sounded like selected readings from a learned journal, not the discussion of a living art. What was needed was one of the handful of English experts on Indian music to give us an informed break-down of the techniques we were to be displayed, to explain to us something of the expressive significance of the various sounds before the complete pieces (excellently recorded by the way) were put out. Unless the B.



put things as unfamiliar as Boulez and this music over, as well as merely perform it, then the performances will be merely the turning of so many prayer-wheels—a pious exercise, but fruitless.

of music that, though new or unfamiliar, needed no special treatment there was also a more generous helping last week. Vaughan Williams's set of variations written in the last years of his life as a test-piece for brass bands, now orchestrated by Gordon Jacob, was conducted by the Birmingham orchestra under Sir

Adrian Boult (Friday, Home), and proved to be no more than the cold ashes of the Fifth Symphony; Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra in the same programme quite overshadowed it, in spite of a ragged and unresilient performance. Benjamin Frankel's new set of songs for the American soprano Gloria Davy are pleasing in spite of the fact that their characteristic bitter-sweet harmonic idiom tends to grow monotonous, but the group of songs by Ivor Gurney taken from his recently published fourth book seemed to me insipid,

for all John Carol Case's sympathetic handling of them (Wednesday, Home). Much more exciting was the performance of Monteverdi's enchanting *Ballo delle Ingrate* under the indefatigable Denis Stevens. This is a small masterpiece, and my only regret was that (presumably on account of the Home Service audience on January 5) it should be given in English; the effect of English words on the recitative of which much of it consists is the same as that of the wrong motor-oil—they clog up the works.

JEREMY NOBLE

## The Sacred Music of Dvořák

By ALEC ROBERTSON



The 'Te Deum' will be broadcast at 7.45 p.m. on Wednesday, January 20 (Home) and 7.50 p.m. on Saturday, January 23 (Third)

'SUCH A GREAT MAN, such a great soul', Dvořák once said of Brahms, 'but he believes in nothing'; and we can easily imagine in what a shocked tone he uttered the italicized word. Brahms, however, had his faith and chose to set St. Paul's same words about 'faith, hope, and love', in the last of his *Four Serious Songs*, as his final expression of it: but from Dvořák's point of view, as a devout Catholic such words could not be isolated from the Christian faith which inspired them, and to which—in its most dramatic form—he gave his unquestioning allegiance. His religion pervaded his whole life and work.

At the age of 15, Dvořák's son-in-law, spoke of him as having 'an inexpressible delight in work, a simple and uncomplicated relation to God and fellow-creatures—these were the qualities of his spirit. . . . he lived in the assurance that he was serving his nation and his God'. His manuscripts invariably began with the words 'In the name of God' and ended 'God be thanked'.

Dvořák spoke of himself as having 'studied the birds, flowers, trees, God and myself' as part of his genius as 'the gift of God' or 'God's voice'. Karol Hoffmeister, one of his biographers, recalls that Dvořák feared that after completing a great work that voice might not be heard again, that his creative faculty might be exhausted—a touching example of his humility.

The *Mass in D*, the least distinguished of his sacred works, is at its best in the orchestral introduction to the *Benedictus* and the fugal *Gloria Dei*. In the *Credo* four alto voices sing the last clauses ahead of the rest of the chorus and repeat them loudly after the manner of the best responsorial chanting; but this device, effective at first, soon becomes monotonous, and is comical when the altos sing 'genitum' *pp* which the choir respond 'genitum' *ff*, with 'factum' treated in the same fashion, as if to clear up any doubt there might be in the listener. Dvořák has also been inexcusably careless over the text, a matter his biographers do not appear to have noticed. At the start of the *Missa* he omits 'Patrem omnipotentem', then 'in Christum' before 'filium Dei', and—surprising of all—'et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum'.

The *Mass* was composed in 1887, a year after the oratorio *St. Ludmilla*, which was written to celebrate in England a new choral work on a large scale, and in Bohemia a national one. The best comes in the first and pagan part of the *Mass* which is full of fresh and charming numbers. The oratorio is sung by the missionary Ivan, who is a bore of the first order, and (for British audiences) by Dr. Troutbeck's

Gilbertian translation, of which the following lines are typical.

Convinced we are, deny who can  
It is the wondrous holy man.

The ten *Biblical Songs*, which Dvořák composed in 1894, have been much praised. They are simple and sometimes moving expressions of faith but too often conventional, and even banal, in their harmonies to be ranked—as they have been—as anything like his best songs. As composer of sacred music Dvořák, therefore, is most worthily represented by the *Stabat Mater*, *Requiem Mass*, and *Te Deum*.

In the *Stabat Mater*, composed in 1877, he gave his country its first oratorio and poured into his setting of the poem a wealth of beautiful and expressive melody that largely atones for some structural and other faults. The need to extend the work to conventional oratorio length leads to excessive verbal repetition in every number of the score: and there is no doubt that the poignant opening number would have been much stronger had Dvořák not twice repeated the dramatic drop on to a chord of the diminished seventh which we first hear in the orchestral introduction. Verdi's and Szymanowski's on-going settings, without recapitulations, are far more successful solutions of the problem. In the last movement Dvořák works 'Paradisi gloria', with tiresome repetition of the words, into a big climax, adds a typical Handel-like 'Amen', and then produces a bigger paradisiacal climax, ending, however, with a beautifully devised and soft chordal 'Amen'.

The quiet radiance of Palestrina's and Szymanowski's treatment is more in keeping with the spirit of these last words than Dvořák's, which suggests a pontifical ceremony, with the sanctuary ablaze with light.

The *Requiem Mass*, composed thirteen years later, is in every way a more successful work. Dvořák had by then acquired a large measure of symphonic skill and could handle this full-scale oratorio with much more assurance. Its leading motive, perhaps suggested by the plainsong Introit of the *Missa pro Defunctis*, is a real inspiration. It is treated with notable resource throughout the work, as for instance in the Gradual for soprano solo and chorus, and above all in the *Tuba Mirum*. Verdi had surpassed Berlioz's rather commonplace setting of this section and no doubt Dvořák, aware of both settings, determined on another course. Trumpets, having announced the leading motive, repeat it three times, each time stepped up semitonally, before—it may be noted—the alto soloist sings the words. This is as impressive as the *Dies irae* is not. 'Pie Jesu', for soloist and chorus, with the leading motive most

expressively used, is an exquisite movement: and the last movement, which combines *Agnus Dei* with Communion is almost as beautiful.

The *Te Deum*, composed, just before Dvořák left to take up his directorship of Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory of Art, New York, for the fourth centennial celebration of Columbus's discovery of America, is a wholly successful work. The composer had the happy idea of casting it in the form of a small choral symphony in four movements and gave it a leading theme of Bach-like character which reappears, with enchanting effect, in the soprano solo (with chorus) 'Sanctus Dominus Sabaoth'. Dvořák, one feels sure, wanted his beloved birds to have a part in the general praise of God and his Son, and gives a version of the theme to flute and clarinet and, when the chorus enter, to flute and cor anglais to represent them in this middle section of the first movement. The verses of *Te Deum* from *Salvum fac* to the end are an addition, by some unknown hand, to the original text of Nicetas, Bishop of Remesiana, who died early in the fifth century, and their penitential character accounts for the fact that the hymn was chanted in times of great calamity in the Middle Ages, *Gloria in excelsis Deo* being used on joyous and solemn occasions. In later years *Te Deum* became associated, as now, with occasions of national or communal rejoicing and it is in that light that Dvořák saw it; whereas Verdi took note of the change of tone at 'Salvum me fac' and in particular of the sudden introduction of the first person singular in the last verse, 'In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum'.

The third movement is a remarkably original scherzo (marked *vivace*) in which various orchestral instruments—oboes, horns, violins, etc.—successively double the voice parts, the orchestra adding clinching figures at the end of each vocal phrase. Towards the end of the last movement, which begins with a beautiful soprano solo (with chorus), Dvořák, appending one of the versicles and responses that follow *Te Deum* when ceremonially sung (and *Alleluia* on his own account), works excitingly towards the recapitulation of his leading theme, the orchestra therefore concluding the hymn.

There is a certain amount of verbal repetition and some of Dvořák's usual false quantities in the setting: but, as he said when being given a doctorate of music at Cambridge and not understanding a word of the oration by the Dean of the Faculty, 'to compose *Stabat Mater* (which had just been performed) is, after all, better than to know Latin': and one might add to have composed *Te Deum* is that much better again. It is a small masterpiece.



# Hands from the International Bridge Trials

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FIRST OLYMPIC contest in the history of the game is to be played at Turin next April, and the British Bridge League is conducting a long series of trials to find Britain's team. The first half of the final trial for six teams has been played, and on Network Three last Sunday Terence Reese (whose team has a narrow lead), Harold Franklin, Boris Schapiro, and David Davenport discussed hands from the event. Also present, to speak about problems of selection, was the British Bridge League chairman, Geoffrey Butler, who said that he did not expect any of the younger players to get into the British team this year, but hoped they might do so next year.

The first hand posed a problem in bidding after opponents had opened. These were the East-West hands, at game all, dealer North:

WEST	EAST
♠ A 7 6 3	♠ 5
♥ 5	♥ K Q 10 8 4
♦ K 9 8 4	♦ A 7 6 5
♣ K Q 10 3	♣ A 9 4

At every table North opened the bidding with One Spade. Five of the East players made a take-out double, one bid Two Hearts. The main question was: if East doubles and South passes, how should West respond to the double?

Most players chose a game-forcing bid of Two

Spades. This was supported by Franklin and Davenport, but Reese, Schapiro, and Butler preferred a straightforward Three Diamonds.

In actual play, Reese (West) and Schapiro (East) reached Five Diamonds after the sequence: Double (by East); Three Diamonds—Four Diamonds; Five Clubs—Five Diamonds. Franklin and L. Tarlo bid: Double; Two Spades—Three Hearts; Three Spades—Four Diamonds; Five Diamonds. Other pairs were defeated in Three No Trumps or Six Diamonds. At one table West made a penalty pass of One Spade doubled and defeated this by one trick; none of the panel cared for the penalty pass.

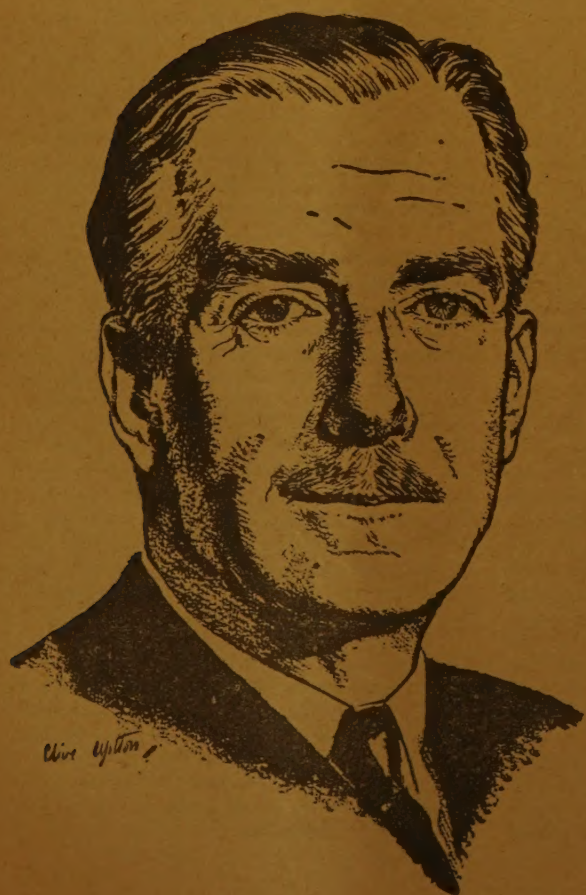
The next hand was dealt by South at game all:

NORTH			
♠ Q 9 7			
♥ J 8 6 2			
♦ 7 5 3			
♣ J 8 4			
WEST			EAST
♠ A K 10 6 2		♠ J 5	
♥ A K 9 7 4 3		♥ Q 5	
♦ 4		♦ K Q J 9 6	
♣ 7		♣ 9 6 5 2	
SOUTH			
♠ 8 4 3			
♥ 10			
♦ A 10 8 2			
♣ A K Q 10 3			

At all tables South opened One Club. The Wests overcalled with Two Clubs, and the others were divided between One Spade, One Heart and Two Hearts. Another possible call, though none made it, is 'Double'. The panel, like players, was divided between the game-forcing Two Clubs and the quieter calls in one of the suits.

One pair in the trial had a catastrophic misunderstanding. M. Harrison-Gray overcalled with Two Clubs, J. Flint (East) bid Three Clubs and South doubled. West bid Four Clubs to force a response, but East clung to his original notion that the club overcall showed a club suit (as it should have done in their system) and passed, going five down.

Four pairs reached Four Hearts, but only one made it. As the cards lie, West can simply trump a spade in dummy, but there is a danger of being over-trumped. The usual play, after a club lead and a ruff of a second club, was a diamond to the King and Ace, another club ruff, then Ace and another heart. At this point only Leslie Dodds found the winning continuation of cashing the Q J of diamonds, leading the Jack of spades to the Ace, and throwing North into the lead with the fourth round of hearts. To make this play declarer has to read exactly the distribution of North's hand.



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# THE TIMES



the Housewife

# Varying the Menu

By MARGARET RYAN



FIRST, here are a few suggestions for breakfast dishes. (1) Devilled eggs on toast: fry the roes and season with cayenne pepper, and lemon juice. (2) Grilled crumpets: toast the underside of a crumpet, turn, put the bacon on top and grill. (3) Stuffed kidneys served on halved tomatoes. (4) Slices of hot griddle cakes, or drop scones, with maple syrup. (5) Omelette with mushrooms and fried bread cooked with the egg. The following dishes are suitable for lunch or dinner. (1) Fresh haddock stuffed with a mixture of minced cooked bacon, breadcrumbs, and parsley, covered with overlapping rashers of streaky bacon. This should be baked in the oven. (2) Stuffed ox tongue heated in gravy (or tinned) and served with carrots, peas, and chestnuts. (3) Home-made galantine of veal with mushrooms and orange salad. (4) Jugged hare: a hare will serve ten people or make two or three for a smaller family. Use part of it to make pie. This is made like rabbit pie; it is much better if the bones are removed first. (5) Those of us who have to provide a high dinner suggest: (1) Herring salad: pickled herring cut into dice and mixed with diced potato and beetroot. (2) 'Yankee' two-decker hot sandwich: slice tea-cakes into three and toast one side of each. Sandwich with grilled bacon and tomato. (3) Rum-tum-tiddy: a tin of condensed soup cooked with half a pound of cheese and a beaten egg until thick. (4) Potted fish: mix sieved fish with one-fourth of its weight of butter and a teaspoon of lemon

For puddings I would suggest: (1) Apple and nut turnovers: purée of apples with chopped nuts, baked in pastry squares. (2) Banana cream: bananas mashed with yoghourt, cream, and sugar. (3) Gingerbread upside-down pudding: a gingerbread mixture piled over dessert pears and baked. (4) Orange meringue pie: made

like lemon meringue, but using orange juice and grated rind instead of lemon. (5) Rhubarb and raisin pie—a plate pie: sprinkle the rhubarb with seeded raisins before adding the upper crust. (6) Apple porcupine: baked apple, stuck after baking, with shredded almonds or pea nuts, and browned.—*Woman's Hour*

## Notes on Contributors

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## Word No. 1,546.

## Poems by Various Hands.

## By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

date: first post on Thursday, January 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. Marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

across are normal (and easy). Clues down are from seventeen poets: each is the second line of a poem from which it is extracted. The answer to be

inserted in the diagram is the second Christian name of the poet: e.g., the line 'And he stoppeth one of three' would lead to the answer TAYLOR. (R. = reversed, U. = up.)

### CLUES — ACROSS

- 1R. Can I still claim to be a gentleman? I'll have a bash, anyway (5)
4. It sounds as if a lot of people want to see the gardens (3)
6. Sweet Crete (5)
9. The umbrella on the top of the tope (3)
10. One of those things that England and Australia dispute about (3)
11. The Great Lake char. (You may have to guess — most of it) (5)
12. This sort of wind is said to be entirely unbeneficial (3)
13. A tax for the island (5)
14. A magnetic personality for the island (3)
15. Penny or cockchafer? (3)
16. Take back what you said about humbug (6)
19. This comes of lightning ship (6)
21. Lay it down, if you must, but be careful not to break it (3)
23. It looks like lightning. Run for it! (4)
24. In a state of tension, like St. Peter (5)
25. Burnt in a censor, so (4)
29. A perch for the cockchafer's return (3)
- 30R. Acorn-shells—they're a degenerate lot, and that's the nub, alas (7)
31. Glanders (7)
32. N.N., by no means a nonentity (3)
33. Trifles (7)
34. These were probably called home across the sands of Dee (3)

### DOWN

#### DIRTY WEATHER

27. Like those Niccan barks of yore (5)
17. (Aulis and Tauris and the Scythian shore), (8)

2. Across this watery waste we fare, (4)
3. Just the worst time of the year (7)
- 8U. For skies as couple-coloured as a brindled cow (6)
23. Upon a wintry bough. (6)

#### NICE SOCIAL POINT

- 21U. The finger points look through like rosy blooms, (7)
20. if we have failed in etiquette, (8)
4. For we are the people of England, that has not spoken yet. (5)

#### BEACHY HEAD IDYLL

5. Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes, (5)
1. His heart hung all upon a silken dress. (6)
22. Long has it waved on high; (7)
18. Across it, clouds and thistle-clocks fly. (3)
6. At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee (7)
- 7U. Light of step and heart was she. (4)

#### LEAVE ME ALONE!

26. My fingers ache, my lips are dry; (6)
28. Dig the grave and let me lie. (5)

## Solution of No. 1,544

A	M	A	T	E	U	R	I	S	H
R	E	A	S	O	N	A	B	L	E
D	I	P	H	T	H	E	R	I	A
E	L	E	N	C	H	I	C	A	L
B	R	E	A	T	H	L	E	S	S
R	E	N	C	O	U	N	T	E	R
E	N	D	O	P	L	E	U	R	A
A	L	L	U	R	E	M	E	N	T
P	E	N	N	Y	W	O	R	T	H
S	C	A	N	D	A	L	I	S	E

### NOTES

Across: 1. Mautner, said. 3. Bears, alone. 5. Paid, hither. 9. Lean, chicle. 12. Belts, share. 16. Tune, corner. 20. Peel, around. 23. Near, mullet. 25. Pyne, thrown. 28. Scans, ideal.  
Down: 1. Bared, bread, debar. 2. Leash, halse, shale. 16. Pares, spear, spare. 19. Hater, heart, earth.  
King's move: 10. Byron, 'Don Juan' xi 37. 18. Ul-lag-e. 22. Run-agate.

1st prize: E. N. Adlington (Elstree); 2nd prize: Mrs. J. R. Nicol (London, S.W.1); 3rd prize: W. H. Askew (Driffild)



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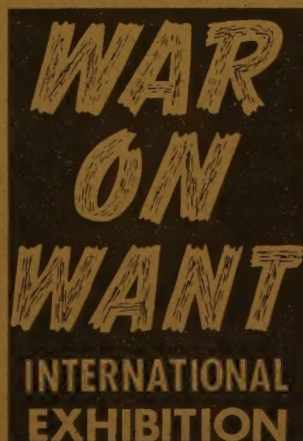
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